THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1800.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH COUNTESS OF DERBY.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THIS Lady (one of the ſtrongeſt inſtances, of the preſent day, that a ſtrict perſeverance in the paths of virtue is not incompatible with the walk of a Theatre, nor humble birth a bar, in this country, to the attainment of high rank and conſideration) was born in 1759. Her father, Mr. Farren, was a ſurgeon and apothecary in Cork, who had married the daughter of Mr. Wright, an eminent brewer at Liverpool. The offſpring of this marriage was ſeven children, of whom only two now ſurvive; viz. Catherine, who is married to Mr. Knight, of Covent Garden Theatre; and Elizabeth, the ſubject of the preſent Memoir.

At the death of Mr. Farren, his young family was left in very narrow circumſtances; in conſequence of which, our heroine turned her mind to the ſtage. At a very early pe-

riod ſhe diſcovered a pleaſing voice and engaging manner, and performed, in a provincial company, *King Edward the Fifth*, in Richard III., and ſimilar characters. In 1773, before ſhe was fifteen, ſhe made her entrée on the Liverpool Theatre, as *Roſetta*, in Love in a Village: ſhe afterwards played *Lady Townly*; and created ſuch an intereſt in the mind of Mr. Younger, the Manager, that, in 1777, he recommended her to the late Mr. Colman. On the 10th of June in that year ſhe came out at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of *Miſs Hardcaſtle*, in She Stoops to Conquer; and her ſenſibility, with the chaſtity of her action, and the accuracy of her enunciation, ſoon raiſed her to the higheſt reputation. ——After ſucceeding ſo well at the Haymarket, ſhe was engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, where ſhe performed Tragedy with the late Mr. Digges; and, in a ſhort time afterwards, removed to Drury Lane, and obtained the firſt rank as a Tragic Actreſs. In Comedy ſhe ſtood next to Mrs. Abington; and on that lady's removing to Covent Garden, Miſs Farren aſſumed all her characters, and continued to perform in that line with unqualified approbation, till the 8th of April 1797, when ſhe took her leave of the ſtage, after performing the part of *Lady Teazle* in the School for Scandal.

If her talents entitled her to the applauſe, her conduct juſtly ſecured her the eſteem, of the public. Among the warmeſt of her admirers and patrons was the Earl of Derby, who took every means of introducing her to the firſt circles, and promoting her intereſt.

The extreme prudence and propriety of her deportment in ſituations that are ſometimes very trying to female fortitude, had rivetted the attention of his Lordſhip; who, after the death of his Counteſs, married Miſs Farren, May 8th, 1797.

In due time after this event, her Ladyſhip was introduced at Court, and very graciouſly received.

On the 9th of March laſt her Ladyſhip preſented the Noble Earl with a ſon and heir, who we hope will live to ſuſtain the dignity of the ſecond Earldom of this realm.

Jane

Jane of Flanders;

Or, THE SIEGE OF HENNEBONNE.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

[Concluded from page 336.]

Chorus. ROUSE, each Breton——defend his right:
Soon ſhall the foe,
With ſorrow, know
His glory is ſhaded in night!——
Arm!—arm!——The charm
Of valour bright
Will fit each warrior for the fight.

Robert. Hope for the beſt, my comrades; and, believe me, the ſmiles of Providence will cheer the man who maintains the cauſe of Virtue. [*A trumpet ſounds at a diſtance.*] ——Hark!——the men of battle advance to require your labours. Let the women begone———This ſcene becomes only the warrior.

Arnold. Advance!——yes!——much dazzle, but little worth! All that glitters is not gold——remember that! ——And ſome of you will ſoon be rather for retreating than advancing, and will be glad to quit the empty buſtle of war, as I do now, for a ſubſtantial and comfortable ſupper!

[*Exit.*

Robert. Go!——Coward!——

Grand march. A part of the army of the Counteſs of Mountfort deſcending the mountains, and filing through the valley. After winding through the rugged paths, &c. they at length arrive on the ſtage. Jane of Flanders in the midſt of them, armed, carrying a ſtandard, and attended by Fitzwalter and Raymond. The Villagers range themſelves in order, and bend on one knee as ſhe advances.

Counteſs. Liſten, my friends, to the tale of an oppreſſed Princeſs——driven from her home, and reduced to deſpair,

by the mercileſs power of rapacious enemies!——The Count of Mountford, your lawful Sovereign, is in exile. I and my hardly followers are in want of every ſuſtenance. Open, then, your gates to my brave though unfortunate army, and I promiſe to reimburſe you, from the public purſe, whatever loſſes you may incur.

Robert. To the noble Counteſs of Mountfort, her vaſſals bend in humble duty. Already we had determined to aſſiſt you with our utmoſt ſtrength. Here are the keys of our weak fortreſs [*Gives the keys*]; and if we can be of any ſervice, our laſt breath ſhall be ſpent in your defence. [*They riſe.*]

Counteſs. Oh! well done, my good and worthy fellows! ——Though poor, your friendſhip ſhall be my pride; and ſurrounding nations ſhall hear of your noble offers with praiſe and admiration!

Fitzwalter. My patriotic countrymen!——you have juſtified my opinion of you. Let us oppoſe theſe odious Frenchmen, theſe lawleſs freebooters! Let us ſtrain every nerve to mar their efforts and confound their pride. Rally, then, ound the unfurled ſtandards of Brittany; and, in the hour of danger, our breaſts will be doubly animated, when it is remembered——We ſtrike the blow of liberty!

Villagers. Long live our valiant Leaders!

Counteſs. Come, my friends, haſten to the fortreſs.—— The potent Edward, King of England, has promiſed us ample ſuccours, and we will there await the arrival of them.

Martial Muſic. They march to the fortreſs in ſlow time, preceded by the Counteſs, Fitzwalter, and other Chieftains.

Chorus. Soldiers! march in firm array;
To Hennebonne plain we haſte away:
There all with hand and heart oppoſe
Our unrelenting, lawleſs foes!

Tho' Gallia's troops uplift their arms,
They can cauſe us no alarms:
We'll ariſe at Honour's cry,
And their boldeſt threats defy.

SCENE

Scene II.

A Foreſt. Part of the French army encamped. A ſmall number of tents diſcovered through the woody apertures.

Enter Godemar *and* Le Marche, *meeting.*

Le Marche. Welcome, my friend. Rejoice at the ſucceſs of our efforts. Fortune, as yet, favours us with her ſmiles: may ſhe continue them!

Godemar. The congratulations of Le Marche I receive with pleaſure. Nothing is more pleaſing to the warrior, when relieved from the toils of battle, than to find his valour approved, and the ſmile of friendſhip reward his exertions.

Le Marche. And more:——the ſoldier's pride is love, which fills his heart with tenfold courage! Hope cheers his proſpect 'mid the dreary ſtrife of war; and he anticipates with pleaſure the time when, bleſt with conqueſt, he ſhall return to his native home, and, in the arms of his miſtreſs, meet an ample recompenſe for all his troubles! 'Tis this which makes him combat with ſuch vigour; till, having long ſtruggled againſt the outrageous foe, he meaſures back his ſteps, and, in the humble cot, finds all the joys for which he fought.

Godemar. The words of Le Marche flow from a heart whoſe characteriſtics are ſenſibility and knowledge. Could every one feel the happineſs which ſprings from pure and open friendſhip, how few would prove liars, deceivers, or villains! But ſuch is the temper of man, that, whilſt he beſtows curſes on the Book of Fate, which has his name enrolled among the wretched, he forgets that——from himſelf proceeds his ſorrow; that the turbulence of his own paſſions cauſes all the agony attributed by him to Fortune. Let us, then, my friend, cement our hearts with love, and bear alike each miſery *(taking the hand of* Le Marche).

Le Marche. With pleaſure. In conſtant uniſon, the cares of one ſhall be the other's; and mutual conſolation cheer us in the ſhades of melancholy.

SONG. *Le Marche.*

When the frowns of Misfortune their influence ſpread,
And man is borne down by their weight,
And the rain-drops of anguiſh are pour'd on his head,
A friend can his ſorrow abate:
Then whilſt with each hour he finds pleaſure increaſe,
Conſolation his grief doth alloy;
The low'ring cloud that had darken'd his peace
Is diſpers'd by the ſunſhine of joy.

[*A trumpet is ſounded.*

Godemar. Hark! The reconnoitring party is returned: we ſhall gain intelligence of the enemy's poſition.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. My Lord, I have obeyed your commands, in obſerving the motions of our foes; and they have already taken ſhelter in the little fortreſs of Hennebonne, with a determination, as we learn, to await the aſſiſtance of King Edward.

Godemar. Ha!——King Edward! Curſe on theſe peſtilential Engliſh! 'Tis they alone who mar our hopes; and though our means are found ſufficient to humble half the univerſe, that paltry iſle, defended by her chalky cliffs and wooden walls, maintains her rights, holds forth her daring threats, and breathes defiance to the world!

Le Marche. Reſtrain your anger: the time may come when we ſhall conquer them, and all their glory will be laid in duſt.

Godemar. Never! Le Marche. This, to the coſt of France, we know. Do they not attack our ſhores with impunity? Do they not penetrate into the heart of our country, cutting off our braveſt warriors, and ſpreading terror wherever they bend their giant ſtrides? And if, oppreſſed by thouſands, they are driven to their native land, ſtill they are terrible amidſt defeat; and ere our ruined nation can repair its loſſes, again return, and act the farce of plunder with over-bearing inſolence!

Le Marche.

Le Marche. Oh, let them come once more: ſoon ſhall their arrogance be cruſhed! Truſt me, their legions are but few to our's.

Godemar. Ay!—that it is which fades our honour.—— Their power ſprings from native temper; not from numbers! —Ruled by a Sovereign beloved and reſpected to enthuſiaſm, content ſupplies each want. Their laws are framed by wiſdom, and obeyed with willingneſs. All conſpires to yield that happineſs which Gallia rues ſo direfully.

Le Marche. Peace, Godemar. The language of deſpair ill becomes the hardy ſoldier. No more of this. Let us turn our thoughts toward the preſent moment, and improve the advantages we have gained.

Godemar (to the Officer). Command the troops to attend us.

Officer. My Lord, they await your pleaſure. [*Exit.*

Martial muſic. Enter a diviſion of the French army, ſtandards, banners, &c. &c. They form in different poſitions on the ſtage.

CHORUS.

Loud ſound the brazen cymbals! Arouſe the ſtrain of mirth!
Comrades rejoice——the foe's no more!
Our potent arms they fled before,
With the cow'rdice which gave them birth!

Rally round your flying enſigns! Men of battle advance!
On th' offending world
Our anger ſhall be hurl'd——
The terror of all——the pride of France!

Godemar. Well may you rejoice, ſoldiers! Victory has crowned you with her laurels, and your enemies are compelled to avoid your power, in flight. Yet you have not completed the ſervice with which you were entruſted: our opponents ſtill defend themſelves in the town of Hennebonne, and preſent a barrier to the accompliſhment of our hopes. Now, ſoldiers, you muſt capture that fortreſs, and the bleſſings of peace will reward your labours!

Le Marche.

Le Marche. Methinks I ſee a ſmile adorn the brow of every one, at the thought of puniſhing the daring troops of Brittany. March, my gallant comrades, and ſpread fear around!

Drums and trumpets. The troops file through the camp, attended by Godemar *and* Le Marche.

Enter Felix.

Felix. Where is this maſter of mine? Nobody ever ſaw ſuch a fellow! He's every where in a minute. Oh! Godemar, if you could but feel how your poor ſervant's bones ache, you'd have a little more compaſſion.——That ever I ſhould quit the merry fields of Languedoc, for this cut and ſlaſh work! However, what ſignifies grieving? Cheer up, my heart! He that ſeeks his own burden muſt bear it as lightly as poſſible.

SONG. *Felix.*

Ah! how pleaſant was the labour,
Nought but mirth was ever ſeen,
With the merry pipe and tabor,
On my native village green.

Ev'ry nymph ſo lightly tripping,
Ev'ry feature blithe and gay;
Conſtant lovers fondly ſkipping;
Happy paſs'd the joyous day.

Silly Felix!—'midſt theſe pleaſures,
What could tempt thee e'er to rove?
Neglecting thus the golden treaſures
Which woo'd thee in thy native grove!

Enter Marguerite.

Felix. Ah! my dear Marguerite, you are come in time.—I was juſt going to ſet out without you.

Marguerite. Where are we to go now, Felix?

Felix. Why, this barbarous maſter of mine, not content with banging our enemies in the manner he already has, muſt needs follow them to the fortreſs in this neighbourhood; where,

where, I ſuppoſe, inſtead of nice ſmoking-hot *bouilli*, we ſhall be entertained for a few weeks with barbed arrows, or ſome ſuch tender diſh.

Marguerite. Well, never mind. I'll follow you where-ever you go. But, if you ſhould get killed ——.

Felix. Why, then, —— I ſhould die. War is a very hazardous thing; and I have had ſome narrow eſcapes in my time, ſuch as might have ſcared the courage of a better man than myſelf. I ſhall never forget, once, as I was ſitting in my tent, feaſting on ſome excellent fricaſeed frogs—— juſt taking up my knife, to ſtick it into a pretty little gentleman I had a fancy to, ſmack comes an arrow, before you could ſwallow a ſpoonful of ſoup——ſplit the diſh in two, and ſtruck the very frog I had marked out for myſelf. The thoughts of the danger had ſuch an effect on me, that I entirely loſt my appetite. However, I never hazarded my valuable perſon in that tent any more.

Marguerite. What pity it is, Felix, that you ſhould be a ſoldier!

Felix. It is ſo; but the handſomeſt, worthieſt, and moſt accompliſhed people are always deſtined to the vileſt employments in this ſinful world! I believe I never told you how I came to be promoted from a private ſoldier to the rank of ſervant and companion to the great Chief, Godemar.

Marguerite. Let me hear.

Felix. It was by an act of the greateſt valour, which will cauſe future ages to hear my name with rapture. I, one day, perceived a parcel of horſemen ſkirmiſhing, and, clapping ſpurs to my ſteed, prepared to join the combatants; but, unluckily, in my progreſs I was thrown, and my nag ran away. Upon this, I amuſed myſelf with ſitting behind a hedge, and ſeeing them kill one another, when I perceived the Chief, Godemar, hard preſſed by a great, tall Engliſhman, whom I immediately fixed on for the object of my vengeance. I, therefore, took a huge ſtone, and, peeping through the leaves of the buſhes, threw it at him with ſuch excellent aim, that he fell from his horſe and was killed.

Marguerite.

Marguerite. Bravely done!

Felix. After the ſkirmiſh, I was promoted to the rank I now hold; and am confident, that, had it not been for my daring intrepidity, my maſter would have been ſlain!

Marguerite. But, Felix, was that fair play?

Felix. Oh, yes!——As my grandfather (who, by the bye, had as much courage as any body) uſed to tell me—"Any thing is fair, boy, to ſave one's ſelf." And, being of a careful diſpoſition, I always followed that part of his advice. [*Trumpets without.*]——But, hark! The trumpet calls to arms, and we muſt march. Hey! for a merry tune before we go.

DUET.

Felix.
Hark to the trumpet ſhrilly ſounding,
Tan ta ran, ta ran, &c. &c.
Every ſoldier's heart is bounding,
Tan ta ran, &c. &c.
Echo mocks the martial notes,
On the air its clangor floats;
Our friends are nigh,
We fly——we fly,
To death or victory!

Marguerite.
Let the tender maid expreſs,
Tan ta ran, &c. &c.
The doubts which on her boſom preſs,
Tan ta ran, &c. &c.
Fancy fills her mind with fears;
On every ſide grim death appears,
And her eyes are ſwoll'n with tears.

Felix.
Huſh theſe terrors, Marguerite,
Tan ta ran, &c. &c.
For glory, high my breaſt doth beat,
Tan ta ran, &c. &c.
Soon reliev'd from war's alarms,
I'll ſeek repoſe in thy fond arms,
And dwell with rapture on thy charms.

Both.
Hark to the trumpet, &c. &c.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

SO fine was the morning, that it had tempted the Sovereign of England, with his Royal Conſort, to take an airing.

"Grandeur," ſaid I, "thou weareſt as flowery a robe as Nature, though not quite ſo eaſy." At ſight of the Royal pair my heart felt a rapture unknown to all but thoſe who love their King and country as well as I do. The voice of joy expreſſed by the crowd at ſeeing their Monarch imparted itſelf to my heart. "Amiable pair!" I cried, "may ye be as happy as ye deſerve. What an example do ye ſet your ſubjects! May the ſoftneſs, ſenſe, and conjugal tenderneſs, which are lodged within thy Charlotte's ſoul, alleviate all thy ſorrows!——A crown is too often lined with thorns.

"And may thy Royal Huſband, in return, partake with thee the delights ariſing from domeſtic joys. May he ſometimes be enabled to lay aſide the cares which attend his ſtate, though he can never be able entirely to ſhake them off.—May every ſubject endeavour to lighten the burthen Providence has thought fit to lay upon him,—by ever joining, with hand and heart, to ſupport his rights. Amongſt a multitude he may ſometimes meet with inſults and brutality:——may they anſwer no other purpoſe, than to brighten and diſplay thoſe virtues over which they would caſt a ſhade!"

THE FOOTMAN.

A footman had in his arms a little dog, which he happened to ſet down upon the graſs juſt before me, and entreated him to walk; but the animal being as whimſical as his miſtreſs, and too fat and indolent to do what he was bid, ſtretched himſelf on the carpet of Nature.——"Kick him," ſaid I; "and I warrant you he'll run before you."

"That's very true, Sir," replied the man: "but if I ſpurn Cæſar, I ſhall loſe my place; for he's the darling of my miſtreſs's heart."

"Your

"Your Lady is not married, then, I ſuppoſe?"

"Yes; and has been theſe ten years."

"Has ſhe any children?"

"Only ſeven."

"And yet that puppy is the darling of her heart! Surely her underſtanding is not ſuperior to that of her dog! And are you content to ſerve ſuch a miſtreſs?"

"I am perfectly ſatisfied to ſerve my ſuperiors, ſince Providence has thought fit to place me in the ſituation of a ſervant; but I am not at all times pleaſed with being forced to wait upon a dog. Yet this place is a great deal better than my former; where my chief employment was to attend a jackanapes, that was continually tormenting me with one miſchievous trick or other; to all which I was obliged to ſubmit:——ſo, come hither, ſweet Cæſar; you are, I muſt ſay, a far better maſter than the jackanapes."

He took up the dog, bowed reſpectfully, and, humming a tune, walked off, to give Cæſar an airing.

The footman was a much better philoſopher than I. To be content with our ſituation, it is ſometimes neceſſary to compare it with one that is worſe: but to be content with a little, and yet owe that little to the ſervile employment of waiting upon a dog and a jackanapes, is great indeed!——Had my wife loved her dog and her monkey better than her ſon, I ſhould certainly have ſent her to a mad-houſe. Good God!——how fooliſh muſt a huſband look, to ſee himſelf rivalled by a jackanapes!———But, the world is compoſed of inconſiſtency and madneſs! Or why did that man—

(THE VIRTUOSO)

offer fifteen pounds for a butterfly?—becauſe its head and body were deformed in the moſt unaccountable manner! To be pleaſed with the monſters of Nature ſhews a ſtrange diſpoſition; and the Virtuoſo, I dare ſay, would be much more pleaſed with the butterfly, if Nature had placed the tail where the preſervation of the inſect requires the head to be fixed!

The Ruins of St. Oſwald.

A ROMANCE.

[Concluded from Page 346.]

CHAP. XII.

THE remains of Paulina were interred in a neat and plain manner, at a town about ten miles from the cottage, whither they were attended by Don Carlos and Ellinor only, who ſoon after accompanied him to Lyons, where her brother informed her a friend of his waited his return, who would travel with them.

They arrived ſafely at the inn, and were uſhered into the parlour, where ſat Alfred. His ſable dreſs at firſt prevented Ellinor from recollecting his features, till he, gazing eagerly upon her, ſprung from his ſeat, and incloſed her with his arms. His voice ſunk to her heart, and ſhe tremulouſly cried——

"My Alfred!"

He ſeemed to recollect himſelf, and, with not leſs agitation, ſaid—(at the ſame time relinquiſhing his hold)—

"My Siſter!"

She ſhuddered. Don Carlos interpoſed, ſaying—

"No longer your's, my friend, but mine!"

Alfred was eager for an explanation that ſeemed to promiſe him much happineſs. But Don Carlos aſſured him t was a myſtery which they could not yet develope, and he reſerved the peruſal of the letter entruſted by Paulina to Ellinor till his interview with his father. This was a delay the ardent Alfred could ill brook, who now prevailed upon Ellinor to give an account of all that had befallen her ſince her departure from the Caſtle De Laneville. This ſhe did; at the ſame time relating to Don Carlos her whole hiſtory; who, in his turn, informed her of the particulars already related: concluding, by declaring it his ſincere wiſh that their parents

might conſent to the union of Ellinor with Alfred, which wiſh her bluſhes evinced ſhe fervently joined in.

All being thus, in their own minds, finally adjuſted, the happy party repaired, buoyed up with the moſt pleaſing expectation, to the Caſtle, where Don Carlos waited only to introduce his newly diſcovered ſiſter, and catch a glance of his Louiſa; then haſtened forward to Don Pedro with the account of the cataſtrophe, intending to carry him back with him, to complete their mutual happineſs.

The aſtoniſhment of the Counteſs could only be equalled by her gladneſs at the unexpected reſtoration of the long loſt, long lamented fugitive. She embraced her with the fondeſt marks of affection, and heſitated not a moment to aſſure Alfred of her ready acquieſcence with his wiſhes; and ſhe only waited the arrival of Don Pedro to ratify her promiſe.—— Ellinor now flung herſelf on the neck of Louiſa, and ſobbed out her affectionate thanks.

In a very few days their expectations were fulfilled. They heard the carriage which contained their gueſts approach, and they flew to meet them at the gates, all but the timid Ellinor, who, finding herſelf inadequate to the taſk, flung herſelf upon the ſofa, no longer able to ſupport the conflict of her mind. The door opened, and a gentleman of dignified appearance entered. In his features were traced the deep furrows of ſorrow; yet a mild benignity beamed from his eyes as he caſt them upon Ellinor, who now was on her knees at his feet.

——"Come to my arms, ſweet image of my loſt Paulina!" exclaimed he, ſnatching her from the floor, and preſſing her to his boſom with rapture. "Fear not!—You are the pledge of love between us!"

The ſcene was too deeply affecting for the gentle ſpirits of Ellinor, and ſhe ſuffered Louiſa to lead her from the room. —Don Pedro then gave into the hands of the Counteſs the letter which his ſon had brought to him, ſaying—

"That, Madam, will reveal the preſent unknown part of this myſterious eclairciſſement. I requeſt you to read it to your

your young friends. You will then find there has been a fatal miſunderſtanding through all this affair. Ellinor is, indeed, my daughter; but, under the exiſting circumſtances, I never can conſent to their being united in any cloſer ties."

The Counteſs raiſed her eyes with a look of compoſure, and proceeded to read the letter, which ran thus—

"By what title can I now addreſs you, moſt injured of men! Can the guilty Paulina dare preſume to call upon that huſband whoſe name ſhe has branded with diſhonour? Ah! no! Although your generous pity made you refrain lawfully from alienating my claim, I have long ſince forbore to conſider myſelf as your wife. On my death-bed—the bed of ſickneſs and repentance, too—I dictate theſe lines, to mitigate your wrath and offended honour, by a full confeſſion of my crimes. Shame and miſery have been my portion ſince I (viper like) ſtung the hand that raiſed me from obſcurity. On your ſide, a paſſion too haſtily formed to admit reflection, and ambition on mine, brought us together; but my morals had been already vitiated, and, except in the gratification of my darling paſſions—vanity and ſhow—I (ungrateful as I was) felt myſelf bound by no other ties than what my own intereſt made me profeſs.

"Among my numerous admirers was the Chevalier Dufour. You have ſeen him, and know his perſonal attractions to be great. I was, in my turn, deceived by his ſpecious manners, and liſtened too readily to profeſſions that I ought to have ſhuddered at. Remonſtrances from you, however gentle, excited my indignation, and in my own mind I formed the deſign of an infamous revenge. You diſcovered the intrigue, and our ſeparation was the conſequence. The Chevalier received me with open arms. I lived with him at Paris ſome time in a ſtate of ſplendour, which ſuited the licentious turn of my diſpoſition. I quickly perceived his paſſion cool. Jealouſy has quick eyes; and I inſtantly conceived that ſome new attachment was the cauſe. I made it my buſineſs to enquire, and found too ſoon, to my ſorrow, that he

was juſt married to the daughter of the Duke De O——; the moſt lovely beauty in the whole French Court. I flew at him with all the rage of an inſulted woman, upbraided him with his perfidy and deceit, and accuſed him as the ſole cauſe of my injuſtice to you. He heard me out with the moſt provoking calmneſs, and, when I had exhauſted all my ſtock of virulence, coolly replied—

'And, ſo, Madam, you had the vanity to imagine that I could never be tired of your charms! You accuſe me of leading you from your duty:——ridiculous charge! Think you, Madam, a man would ever be mad enough to attempt the honour of a woman whom her huſband treats with reſpect and kindneſs, unleſs he receives that ſort of encouragement which he cannot miſunderſtand? No—no! Believe me, a virtuous married woman can, by her own conduct, awe the moſt abandoned libertine into veneration.'

"Truth is perſuaſive, though proceeding from the lips of a villain; and, having nothing more to urge, I ſunk on my knees, and entreated him not wholly to abandon me; appealing by my tears ſo forcibly to his pity, that he could not withſtand them, but, raiſing me, promiſed that, while I choſe to preſerve terms, he would not deſert me. I appeared ſatisfied, but in my heart meditated vengeance on my unknown but deteſted rival. An opportunity ſoon offered, and I ſuggeſted a plan, which, I think, could never have entered the head of any but the moſt abandoned wretch.

"I lay in about a fortnight before Madame Dufour, when I heard that ſhe was brought to bed of a ſon. Dufour was then abſent, and it inſtantly occurred to me, that, by ſubſtituting my infant, which was a girl, I ſhould entirely defeat the hopes that I knew the Chevalier had formed, and ſecure his affection more permanently to myſelf. The ſcheme ſucceeded, Madame Dufour being too ill to know the deception; and Julia, my maid, bribed the nurſe to complete our plan. —The Chevalier was enraged: he flew to me, informing me of his diſappointment. I affected to condole with him, and ſhewed him the boy, which he careſſed with every mark of

of fondneſs; acquainting me with a ſecret, which till then I was ignorant of; and which was, that he had, to obtain the fortune of Clementina, impoſed upon her by a pretended marriage; that, had ſhe brought him a ſon, he deſigned to have made her really his wife; but, ſince he had been deceived in his expectation, he would confine her for life, and devote himſelf entirely to me.

"The child I had thus treacherouſly purloined was very ſickly, and, to my great ſatisfaction, expired in a few days. —I then, in compliance with the wiſhes of the Chevalier, went to reſide in a Caſtle of his near Switzerland. I heard there a vague report that he was again married; but his aſſurance to the contrary pacified me.

"In ſhort, not to be too prolix, I began to diſcover that he ſeemed rather weary of me; and, determining not to let him firſt diſcard me, I eloped with a young Swiſs, who juſtly ſerved me for my perfidy,—— by deceiving me, and robbing me of all my valuable jewels and trinkets. Deſtitute of all means of ſupport, all my beauty impaired, I began to perceive that the puniſhment of my miſerable conduct was at hand, and I determined to ſeek my parents, whom you had eſtabliſhed in a pleaſant cottage near Lyons. I endured during my journey, which I was obliged to perform on foot, the greateſt hardſhips, being often in want of a meal. I at length reached home juſt in time to cloſe the eyes of my mother, who had been a widow ſome years. In her laſt moments ſhe gave me a lecture on my vicious courſe of life, never to be eraſed from my memory.

"I found my conſtitution greatly impaired; and my conſcience, gnawing like a vulture in my breaſt, reduced me almoſt to the brink of the grave. I find no peace neither night nor day; and as my repentance is ſincere, ſo is my deſire for the moment of diſſolution, which I feel is hourly approaching. Your forgiveneſs alone can give peace to my ſoul; and, although I am well convinced that I am the moſt undeſerving being in exiſtence, I have hopes of your well-known clemency!

"Oh! would the daughters of Vanity but reflect upon the dreadful puniſhment attending guilt, they would beware! ——That one falſe ſtep leads to perdition, is a fact fully proved in the fate of

"PAULINA."

"I ſee," ſaid the Counteſs, when ſhe had peruſed the narrative (upon which, out of delicacy to Don Pedro, ſhe forbore to make any comment)——"I ſee we muſt arm the minds of the unfortunate lovers againſt this ſtroke."

She then ſought Ellinor, and gave her the manuſcript to read; at the ſame time acquainting her with what had paſſed between herſelf and Don Pedro. Ellinor at firſt ſeemed greatly ſhocked; then, recovering herſelf, ſaid—

"This is no more than what my poor foreboding heart had whiſpered. I never encouraged the hope of being Alfred's. Oh! Madam, my heart bleeds for him! I know what will be his ſufferings by my own. But I am reſolved upon a line of conduct which no worldly fears ſhall make me forego. I will endeavour, by my future life, to atone for the errors of my unhappy mother. With your permiſſion, I will retire to a Convent: I am capable of making the ſacrifice; and could I but know that Alfred bears the deſtruction of all his hopes with fortitude, I ſhould be reſigned. But he muſt not know of my deſtination till it ſhall be too late to prevent it."

The Counteſs applauded her reſolution, while her own boſom was torn with anguiſh that ſhe was obliged to conceal, and ſhe prevailed upon Ellinor to defer putting her plan into execution till after the marriage of Louiſa with Don Carlos; which Ellinor, notwithſtanding it gave her a ſecret pang, conſented to willingly; if poſſible,—not to cloud the moment of their happineſs with her own ſad deſtiny.

The ceremony was performed with much magnificence; after which Alfred was acquainted, in oppoſition to Ellinor's intention, with the ſentence that had been paſſed againſt him. The ſhock was too great for his exquiſite feelings, and he

ſunk

ſunk at the feet of his mother (who had vainly endeavoured to fortify his mind) in ſtrong convulſions, from which he only recovered to evince the total deprivation of his mental faculties.

Ellinor felt more than can be imagined at this melancholy cataſtrophe, and fondly hung on the beloved maniac, with the faint hope of recalling his reaſon. He knew not the object once ſo dear to him, and inceſſantly wounded himſelf in repeating her name.

Ellinor, incapable of being a conſtant witneſs of his wretched ſtate, and the deep affliction of his mother, haſtened her departure, and obtained admittance into the Convent of Arſuluiz, where, aided by the precepts of religion and her own pious ſentiments, ſhe overcame a paſſion, the indulgence of which muſt, in a mind of ſenſibility, appear highly criminal.

The Counteſs, worn down by age and affliction, ſeemed rapidly approaching the verge of the grave. Her ſpirits had received ſuch a ſhock in beholding the unhappy ſtate of Alfred, as not to be recovered, and ſhe died, about two years after the marriage of Louiſa with Don Pedro; who, but for the misfortunes of relatives ſo dear, would have enjoyed the moſt perfect felicity.

Alfred's melancholy continued to rage with unbounded violence for ſeveral years; but it at length changed to a kind of ſettled melancholy. His friends obſerved the turn his diſorder had taken, and thought it would lead to his perfect reſtoration. Agreeable to the advice of the faculty, he was conveyed into a warmer climate; but as his reaſon returned, the ſource of his misfortune crowded to his recollection, and he inſiſted upon being reſtored to Switzerland, that he might, in death, be near the object of his love. Finding that it aggravated his diſorder to oppoſe his wiſhes, they returned with him to the Caſtle De Laneville.

Louiſa then paid her friend a viſit at the Convent, and was ſhocked to perceive the alteration her perſon had undergone during the ſhort period of her abſence.

Ellinor

Ellinor enquired for Alfred with affected compoſure; but the workings of her mind were evident in her countenance.—Louiſa aſked if ſhe was happy. Ellinor ſighed, and ſaid—

"I endeavour to think myſelf ſo; but, in ſpite of theſe endeavours, worldly affection will yet cling to my heart, and diſturb my peace. I feel I ſhall not long endure this conflict. To you I will unboſom every ſecret of my ſoul. I think if I could once more behold Alfred, I ſhould die in peace.—My dreams of late have been ſtrangely awful; and the gloom of this place inclines me to be ſuperſtitious. I would not willingly prophane the holy walls; but, I think, could you once more gratify me, by granting my petition, it would not be a very heinous crime."

Louiſa, willing, all in her power, to indulge the unfortunate victim, promiſed to bring Alfred to her on the enſuing day; and now ſhe quitted Ellinor, to prepare him for a meeting, which ſhe was aware would be a pathetic one.

The orders of the Convent were far from ſtrict, and Don Pedro, with little difficulty, obtained permiſſion of the Abbeſs; and Alfred was led by Louiſa to the grate. Preſently Ellinor appeared. Her deportment was grave and ſolemn, but her eyes ſhewed that ſhe had been weeping. She put her hand through, which Alfred, too much affected to ſpeak, preſſed to his burning lips. At length, breaking a painful ſilence, he ſaid——

"Ellinor!—do you mean this as a laſt farewell?——Are you, then, determined to be my deſtroyer?——Are there no hopes of an end to my miſeries——and muſt death alone terminate them!"

"Deareſt Alfred!" replied Ellinor, "compoſe yourſelf.——I wiſhed to ſee you, merely to perſuade you againſt the encouragement of a propenſity, as fatal in its effects as criminal in the purſuit. We muſt never meet again. But, oh! in pity to my ſufferings, which, believe me, have been great, attend to my laſt requeſt:——Be careful of your life, in gratitude to the kindneſs of friends ſo dear to you. Let not their days be clouded with the conſtant pain of ſeeing you brood over

over your hopleſs ſorrows. Think of me as dead: ſuch, truly, I am to the world; and ſuch I feel I ſoon ſhall be in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word."

Alfred groaned——"Dear, ever-loved Ellinor! ſtrive not to teach me a leſſon which I can never practiſe. No!—while life ſhall animate this goaded breaſt, your image ſhall ever be its darling inhabitant. But ſay, will you not grant my petition?——I will implicitly obey *you*, in one reſpect,—in ſtriving to give eaſe to my kind friends for the ſhort period I have to remain an inhabitant of this world. But, oh! when I am changed into a cold lump of clay, may I not hope to be laid by the ſide of my Ellinor!"

"Ah! do not—do not," cried ſhe, in an agony of tears, "ſo much diſtreſs me! You know not the exceſs of thoſe feelings which it is my duty to repay."

At that moment the veſper bell rang, and ſhe was obliged to leave the grate.

"Farewell, Alfred!" ſaid ſhe, waving her hand. "May Heaven bleſs you!"

Her voice failed, and ſhe ſunk into the arms of a Siſter Nun, who bore her off. Louiſa exerted all her ſtrength to no purpoſe, in order to draw Alfred from the grate. He ſtruck his head againſt the bars, exclaiming——

"Wretches!—wretches!—they have torn my love from me! They ſaid ſhe was my ſiſter! But 'tis falſe——'tis an infernal falſehood! Look——look——they have cut off her beauteous treſſes! Was that well done—Does that become my Ellinor! But, no!—it will not do: nor life nor death ſhall ſeparate us—one grave ſhall hold our mouldering clay!——Louiſa, do you love me? I feel you do; then mind me:——here let me lie——here will I die with Ellinor——hard-hearted, cruel Ellinor!"

He caſt himſelf upon the ſtones; and Louiſa, terrified, ſcreamed for aſſiſtance. One of the officials attended, and with his aid they carried him, in a ſtate of perfect inſenſibility, to the gate, where Don Carlos waited with the carriage,

in

in which they conveyed him home. He was put to bed, and continued in dreadful ſhivering fits the whole day. Louiſa ſat up with him all night. He ſeemed to have fallen into a refreſhing doſe; but he ſuddenly ſtarted, and, affecting to liſten, ſaid——

"Hark!——'tis ſhe!——now—now ſhe calls!"

Louiſa did liſten; and heard diſtinctly the diſtant bell of the Convent toll. Alfred ſtared wildly round——

—"Siſter—mother—all, all—I leave for Ellinor!" he exclaimed.

Louiſa, terrified, called to Don Carlos, who ſlept in the adjoining room. He entered, and inſtantly perceived that Alfred was about taking his laſt gaſp. He took his hand—it was bedewed with the cold damp of death. Once more he uncloſed his eyes: they were fixed, but deprived of that alarming wildneſs which they had before exhibited. His lips quivered, and with much difficulty he ſaid—

"Mourn not——I am at peace!——But promiſe——promiſe——to lay me——by my Ellinor!!"

Each preſſed his hand as a ſolemn aſſurance; and, once more heaving a convulſive ſigh, he expired.

Upon enquiry, it was found, that, at the ſame hour, on the ſame night, Ellinor breathed her laſt. Shocked at ſuch a ſingular event, the mourning friends determined not to lay far aſunder the bodies of thoſe, whoſe hearts were, even in death, ſo firmly united: they were, therefore, laid by the ſide of each other in the burial ground of the Convent, and a ſtone erected to their memory by the diſconſolate Louiſa, who loſt in one luckleſs hour, a brotherand a friend!——
On the ſtone was engraven——

Sacred to the Memory of
ALFRED, COUNT ST. OSWALD,
Ob. June 27, — 16, — Æt. 20;
And
ELLINOR DE LEONZO,
Æt. 22,
Who expired at the ſame hour.
As in life their hearts were united,
So, in death, their bodies ſhall not be parted.

Louiſa,

Louiſa, though bleſſed with an amiable and affectionate huſband, never ſo far forgot the fate of the unhappy lovers, but that ſhe would ſnatch a moment from her happieſt hours to drop a tear upon their united graves: even her children were taught to liſp their names; and the woes of Alfred and Ellinor were tranſmitted to poſterity with reverential awe!

A FIFTH LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT WHO STYLES HIMSELF

AN OBSERVER.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONGST the variety of errors which an Obſerver might point out, as peculiarly defective in Female education, the little attention which is paid to the *Mind*, is, ſurely, one of the moſt reprehenſible.

"What," ſays a late judicious author, "ſhould we think of a man who poſſeſſed a *jewel*, if, inſtead of attempting to guard and ſecure it, he thought only of embelliſhing the *caſket* that contained it?" And what opinion have we a right to form of thoſe perſons who merely attend to *external graces*—whilſt thoſe which centre within the *Mind* appear to be thought beneath their care?

Is it not, Mr. Editor, a moſt unpardonable neglect, either in the parents or inſtructors of a young lady, that ſhe ſhould be ignorant of the manners of other nations, and little acquainted with the occurrences of her own? Ought not Hiſtory and Geography to be branches of education which Females ſhould ſtudy with peculiar care? For though they require no depth of Science, they certainly would be more charming by a cultivation of Senſe!

I am led to make this obſervation, Mr. Editor, from a mortification I have recently endured; occaſioned by a public diſplay of ignorance in the daughter of an eſteemed and illuſtrious friend.

To

To be a privileged man in the family of a Peer may, poſſibly, be thought an uncommon ſtation; but as I was never known to diſguiſe my feelings, no one is offended by the manner in which they are revealed; and, though I deſpiſe ſervility and adulation, I never deſignedly offend.

A few days ago I dined with the Peer; and as the converſation between myſelf and one of the party had warmly intereſted my feelings, I renewed the ſubject when we entered the drawing-room, thinking it likely that the ladies might be entertained. The gentleman had juſt arrived from Switzerland, and deſcribed the manners of its amiable inhabitants with all the ardour that could be expreſſed by a feeling mind. He had been expatiating upon the ravages committed by the French, and the firmneſs with which the Helvetic ſoldiers had withſtood all the arts which had been made uſe of to ſeduce them.

"I am inclined to think," ſaid I, addreſſing my cômpanion, juſt as the daughter of my friend drew near, "that the virtues which are attached to that amiable people, may, in ſome meaſure, be aſcribed to the purity of the clime; for we all know that upon the tops of mountains the air is more ſubtle and refined. We doubtleſs reſpire with greater freedom —our bodies are more active—our minds more ſerene—and our paſſions are under more abſolute controul."

"Who cares any thing about air and mountains?" my fair companion impatiently exclaimed. "You are always preaching about ſome nonſenſe or other, inſtead of trying to entertain me with ſome pleaſing chat."

"I wiſh, my dear young lady," I replied, "you were as anxious to be improved as you are to be entertained; you would then think a little preaching might ſometimes be attended with a good effect. Suppoſe, for example, you aſk this gentleman to deſcribe the manners which prevail in Switzerland; as the inhabitants of that country are univerſally admired, and they are allowed to be an honour to the human race."

"What

"What can you mean?" ſaid the aſtoniſhed fair one.—"Do you ſuppoſe I can be ſo eaſily deceived? The Switzers, I know, are *Canibals*, and eat children with as much compoſure as we do pigs!"

"The Switzers *Canibals!*" I exclaimed, abſolutely doubting whether ſhe was in joke.

"Yes, Sir," ſhe replied: "I *know* their *hiſtory*, and all about their deſerts of *ſand*."

I was ſo extremely ſhocked at this diſplay of folly, that I ſtill appeared to think ſhe was in jeſt; but the veil was too thin to conceal her ignorance, and the ſtranger addreſſed her in the following words.—

"From ſome unfortunate miſapplication, Madam, you have confounded people of different climes; and as I am warmly attached to the country of Helvetia, I ſhall feel much pleaſure if you will allow yourſelf to be undeceived. I was a traveller there, unprotected and unknown, yet I was treated by the inhabitants with the affection of a friend; but the hoſpitable zeal with which they ſupply the wants of ſtrangers muſt abſolutely be *felt* before it can be *conceived*. Whenever I arrived at their little hamlets, each inhabitant was ſo eager to have me for their gueſt, that I was always embarraſſed to know which to accept; and he who chanced to obtain the preference, ſeemed to think himſelf ſo highly obliged, that thoſe who were ignorant of the character of the people would have thought that it proceeded from a deſire of gain: but I, who knew the benevolence of their hearts, was convinced it proceeded from a nobler motive; and was well aware that, for whatever I might receive, I ſhould be guilty of an affront if I attempted to pay. This univerſal kind of philanthropy has ſpread itſelf through each degree; and a domeſtic would feel himſelf inſulted, by an attempt to reward him for accidental ſervices."

"Well!" ſaid the young lady, "I declare I never was more aſtoniſhed in my life; for I really thought that they were a parcel of Canibals, and lived in deſerts covered with ſand. But, dear Mr! Obſerver," ſhe continued, anxious to

put an end to ſo mortifying a ſcene, " do, pray, perſuade the gentleman to take a hand at Caſſino; for, I declare, the talking of thoſe agreeable people has made me look extremely dull."

This, Mr. Editor, is no uncommon inſtance of the ignorance which is diſplayed by the Female ſex; for it is not more than a fortnight ago that I heard a lady enquire whether China was not in Turkey, and Egypt an iſland in the Mediterranean Sea.

To what cauſe, it may be aſked, are we to attribute their ignorance in matters ſo neceſſary to be known? And why is ſo much pains beſtowed upon their Perſons, whilſt their Minds have neither cultivation nor care? To theſe interrogations I might reply, by referring to the evil which I formerly condemned, namely,—the ſuperfluous number of female ſeminaries with which this country now abounds.

Would the Legiſlature interfere in this momentous concern, we might then hope to ſee it decreaſe; but whilſt the illiterate and unprincipled have the power of eſtabliſhing ſchools, can we wonder at the decline of Virtue and Senſe? --If every perſon who wiſhed to eſtabliſh a ſchool was compelled to give a teſtimony both of her character and abilities before ſhe was permitted to make the attempt, how much would it tend to circumſcribe the number, and to benefit thoſe who required their aid!

It is not, Mr. Editor, that I am an enemy to ſchools, but that I diſapprove their want of regulation, and think no one ought to be entruſted with the education of Youth, whoſe head and heart would not bear examination.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient ſervant,
and ſincere friend,

AN OBSERVER.

MRS.

MRS. SAVEALL's COMPLAINT AGAINST THE GENERALITY OF SERVANTS;

With an Account of the Method ſhe adopted towards them.

MR. EDITOR,

AS your Publication is a channel for redreſſing thoſe grievances which are peculiarly attached to the Female ſex, I cannot avoid expreſſing my aſtoniſhment that thoſe which reſult from the depravity of Servants have never obtained the ſlighteſt notice.

Is it not, Mr. Editor, a ſerious evil, to be ſubject to the impertinence of ſuch an abandoned race? And ought not the Legiſlature to interpoſe its authority, and prevent the miſchiefs which ariſe from ſuch a dreadful ſource? You will ſcarcely believe that, during the five-and-twenty years I have been miſtreſs of a family, I have never been fortunate enough to meet with a *tolerable* ſervant: ſome were drunkards, others thieves; ſome ſaucy, others ſluts. In ſhort, ſo various have been the diſtreſſes theſe creatures have occaſioned me, that I certainly may conſider them as the greateſt torments of my life.

You muſt know, Mr. Editor, that I am the daughter of a wealthy ſoap-boiler in Wapping, who, having accumulated a large fortune by frugality and application, reſolved to give me a juſt idea of the value of that poſſeſſion which it had coſt him ſo much labour to obtain. For this purpoſe, when very young, he ſtored my mind with a ſet of uſeful maxims, from which I have derived the greateſt advantage; ſuch as—"a penny ſaved is a penny gained;"—"a pin a day is a groat a year;"—"if you do not want ſenſe, you'll take care of the pence." By theſe precepts, Sir, I have endeavoured to regulate every part of my life, and only wiſh that every child could boaſt, with as much truth, of having followed a parent's counſel.

As I married rather late in life, and my husband happened to be younger than myself, I resolved that he should not be able to squander away my fortune; and, therefore, instead of being restrained by what is called Pin-money, I reversed the business, and gave him five hundred a year, retaining the rest in my own hands, for the purpose of supporting the establishment of our house. This, you must allow, was acting with great *generosity* to a man who had not a penny of his own; who, from being nothing but a poor Ensign, became a gentleman of independent fortune. But gratitude is not a virtue attached to your sex; and therefore I ought not to have expected it from him, though common attention I am certainly entitled to; yet, would you believe that he is scarcely ever at home; and even has the audacity to declare in my presence, that I deprive him of the enjoyment of a moment's peace! Whenever I attempt to look after my property, and prevent those sharks of servants from swallowing it up, he absolutely connives at their dishonesty, and encourages the wretches to cheat his wife!

The other day, as I was counting the wall-fruit in the garden, I missed one of my finest peaches, and of course would not submit to such a fraudulent imposition without discovering who was the thief. I shall not describe the method I adopted, nor the trouble it cost me to find it out; but merely say, that, after much pains, I discovered that the gardener had given it to his wife! This, you must allow, was a most unpardonable piece of impudence; yet he was absolutely encouraged in the theft, for, upon his telling my husband that the creature had *longed* for the fruit, and that he could not afford to purchase it for her, he actually pulled several more from the trees, and carried them himself to the wretch's house.

As I have long been convinced that there is no honesty in servants, and that the class are all, more or less, thieves; you will of course believe that I am pretty watchful, and give them but few opportunities of practising their trade. One method I have long persevered in, which has lately been attended

tended with an unpleaſant effect; for, as I was ſtationed in the ſpot where I had long watched them at their meals, my huſband's footman unfortunately diſcovered me, and, forgetful of the reſpect which was due to my perſon, actually abuſed me to my face. The fellow's impudence had a dreadful conſequence, and abſolutely extended to the maids; one of whom unluckily obſerving me at her box (which I had opened by the aid of one of my own keys), poſted off to Juſtice Equitable, who adviſed me to give her five guineas to prevent her from publicly expoſing my name.

Evils like theſe ſhould, doubtleſs, be redreſſed; and I ſhould hope, Mr. Editor, that by your aſſiſtance ſomething might be done to deſtroy their effect. That creatures who are abſolutely beneath our notice, and who muſt really be conſidered of a different race, ſhould preſume to arrogate to themſelves a right of judging whether we act with propriety or not, is ſuch a manifeſt infringement upon the prerogative of Riches, as requires an immediate correction of the law.

If I had reaſon to ſuppoſe my property in her poſſeſſion, was I not authorized to make a ſearch? And though I did not happen to find any articles concealed, might ſhe not have conveyed them out of the houſe? And yet, through the folly of that old dotard Equitable, I was abſolutely compelled to reward impertinence!

I indulge the hope, however, Mr. Editor, that you will point out ſome method by which ſervants may be taught both humility and reſpect; and that Miſtreſſes will no longer be reſtrained in that authority ſo eſſential to the eſtabliſhment of domeſtic peace.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
With much eſteem,
Your humble ſervant,

May, 1800. SUSAN SAVEALL.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

Madam,

I REQUEST permiſſion to offer a few animadverſions on a letter ſigned *Miſophilus*, that, under your auſpices, appeared in the Lady's Muſeum ſo long ſince as October laſt, although it did not happen to meet my peruſal till lately, which is the reaſon of my not having ſooner expreſſed my diſapproval of your Correſpondent's aſſertions reſpecting Female Celibacy.

The Chriſtian Religion and the Law of England recognize but two conditions of women; viz.—the State of Virginity, and the State of Marriage; and the woman who quits the former without entering into the latter, is very properly conſigned to ignominy for the remainder of her life: the wiſe of the Male ſex deſpiſing, and the virtuous of the Female avoiding her. If a woman reaches the age of forty without having had an offer of marriage that ſhe could with propriety accept, I infer, from Miſophilus's expreſſions, that he would have her relinquiſh honour, and adopt infamy!

It is evident, that this Writer has not the knowledge of the Female heart that he would have us ſuppoſe, or he would not ſuſpect that any women die ſingle from choice. At a very early age, indeed, Females begin to think of matrimony ——long—long before they have attained ſtrength either of mind or body to qualify them for it; and their propenſity towards it is, perhaps, only totally extinguiſhed with the vital principle, with which it is probably too cloſely connected ever to become ſeparated. To this may be aſcribed the ridiculous marriages we ſometimes ſee contracted in old age.—— Among the lower claſſes, an unmarried woman, of an advanced age, is almoſt a *luſus naturæ*; but among genteel Females, there are ſo many impediments in the way of marriage, that it cannot be wondered at that ſo many daughters of noblemen and gentlemen ſit on the Old Maids' bench.

Infinite

Infinite pains are taken by moſt parents of thoſe deſcriptions to inſtil into their daughters' minds,—that marriage is their way to worldly preferment; and that if they cannot obtain the hands of men ſuperior to themſelves, or at leaſt equal, they had better live ſingle.

Celibacy in ladies of theſe claſſes is, therefore, often the conſequence of failure in views of ambition; but a degree of credit is due to them for their deference towards the opinions of their parents, and allowance is to be made for the ideas they have been educated in. A great ſtumbling-block in the path to matrimony is,—the difficulty that women find of becoming acquainted with ſingle men; a difficulty that, of late years, has been greatly increaſed by the faſhionable apathy which men affect towards women; as alſo by the eſtabliſhment of ſo many clubs, and the increaſed propenſity to drinking. Inſtead of ſpending their idle and feſtive hours in parties formed of both ſexes at the houſes of their married friends, the young men of the preſent age prefer taking their meals at taverns, where they often ſit drinking till they become unfit for any company but their own.

The Female candidates for matrimony have alſo great cauſe of complaint againſt the behaviour of men at balls, and other public places, where the ſmall degree of attention they condeſcend to ſhew towards women is generally beſtowed on the young married ones, with whom we ſee them dancing and flirting, whilſt numbers of amiable and elegant girls are ſitting inactive, without any other notice being taken of them, but that of being ſtared at through glaſſes by the indolent, faſtidious, or inebriated puppies, who loll about the doorways and chimney-pieces.

Other obſtructions to marriage are,—the weight of taxes, expenſe of houſe rent, dearneſs of proviſions, and extravagance of ſervants' wages; all which it behoves both men and women to think of before they enter into matrimony; for without the parties can find the means of ſupplying th ſe expenſes, and for maintaining, educating, and eſtabliſhing children, they had better keep aſunder. When a woman only

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ſees a proſpect of diſtreſs, ſhe ſhews her ſuitor more rational regard by rejecting his hand, than by accepting it; and no man, who really eſteems a woman, would wiſh to involve her in pecuniary difficulties.

However, Madam, I would not have your Fair Readers ſuppoſe, from what I have ſaid in *excuſe* for Female Celibacy, that I mean to *recommend* the ſtate. Nothing, I aſſure you, is farther from my intention; for, I am ſincerely of opinion, it is a ſtate too unnatural for any woman to be happy in: and I feel concerned, that it is one which admits only of the negative conſolation of being leſs dreadful than unhappineſs in marriage. Uncomfortable as the antiquated virgins doubtleſs are, none of them can tell whether they might not have been more ſo, if they had been married.

I am, &c. &c.

May, 1800. ORBONA.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD, AND THE MAN OF LETTERS.

[From the French.]

IT would be wrong to ſuppoſe that I mean here, by a Man of the World, to ſpeak ſolely of perſons who do not appear to occupy themſelves in any particular ſtudy; for as they reſort with eagerneſs to the circles of which they form the amuſement, and are found at all times fully diſpoſed to enter into every pleaſure which preſents itſelf, they are generally thought incapable of applying themſelves to any ſerious occupation: nevertheleſs, if you more nearly examine theſe apparently frivolous characters, you will perceive that they have acquired a fine feeling, as well as a delicate taſte. Before they quit their home, to give themſelves up without conſtraint to amuſements that certain places and certain circumſtances promiſe them, they have often read with attention, although without deſign, a Work, announced in ſuch a manner as to excite curioſity.

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The opinion they form of it, and carry into ſociety, is the reſult of this reading, to which they do not attach any importance; and this very opinion, or judgment, ſeems to have been dictated by reaſon and taſte. It is thus that the Man of the World, obliged to occupy himſelf at his own home, inſtructs himſelf, in merely ſeeking the means to paſs the time without *ennui*, or heavineſs. Always the enemy of ſlavery and premeditated application, he finds himſelf, nevertheleſs, diſpoſed to profit from the inſtruction of reading, if the uſeful is concealed under the agreeable. A ſerious and moral Work may then, in certain moments, pleaſe him more than one which is gay and criticiſed, becauſe it ſerves to vary his readings. The ſucceſs that *Young's Night Thoughts* has had in France juſtifies this reflection. It is ſeen by that, that the Man of the World becomes, without pretending to it, a Philoſopher and a Man of Letters.

On the other hand, the Man of Letters, abſorbed in a ſerious ſtudy, to which he applies himſelf, by way of occupation, with a regular and laborious attention, however attractive it may be to him, has need to be amuſed after many hours of labour. It is advantageous for him to loſe (if I may ſay ſo), every evening, the remembrance of his morning's occupation, that he may be able to reſume them the next day with a new pleaſure. Then the moſt ſimple amuſements, and books which require but little attention, ſuit him above all others. He is, in this moment, the true Man of the World; diſpoſed to expreſs an averſion for every thing that demands an application of the mind. And this is the reaſon why the man who delights in the ſtudy of abſtract ſciences generally prefers Comedy to Tragedy and ſerious Dramas, when he goes to the Theatre; becauſe ſerious and engaging pieces keep the mind on the ſtretch, when it has need to be relaxed. Tragedies and ſerious Dramas ought, on the contrary, to pleaſe the Man of the World, who, ſurveying a thouſand objects at once, ſees them all with a ſort of indifference, attending only to thoſe of a ſombre colour, which oblige him, in ſome meaſure, to give them his more immediate attention: all the faculties

culties of his ſoul are then applied to this object, which becomes intereſting to him by the application which it coſts him; and which procures him a real pleaſure, as it overcomes his indifference.

In the *Thoughts of Swift* it is ſaid——"That women love Tragedies better than Comedies; perhaps, becauſe that in Tragedy they make them Divinities, and in Comedy they expoſe their defects and foibles."

With ſubmiſſion to the Engliſh Doctor, we cannot perſuade ourſelves that this refined vanity, which he ſuppoſes in the women, is capable of hindering them from enjoying pleaſure at a good Comedy. We think that, if they prefer Tragedy, it is becauſe, to ſpeak in general, their attention is eaſily taken off, being almoſt always occupied with many objects at one time; and that they go to the Theatre with the ſame diſpoſitions as the Man of the World. But if they partake of his levity, they have alſo, with him, a fine feeling and a delicacy of taſte. It reſults from what I have ſaid,—that the Man of Letters, and the Man of the World, meeting with each other in the evening, in the ſame aſſembly, they both go there with the deſire of being amuſed.

If I have a deſign to offer them, at this moment, a tranſlation in Proſe of ſome Work in Verſe, I ſhall not chuſe that whoſe principal merit is, its being literal; and which even requires, to be well judged, a fatiguing compariſon of the text with the verſion. We will read an eaſy tranſlation, where I ſhall be leſs careful to render literally the original, than to catch its ſpirit.

To introduce, for example, the Fables of the Italian Poets, who pleaſe themſelves by enriching the moſt ſimple ſubjects with varied epiſodes and flowery deſcriptions, whilſt, with us, *Fontaine* and his imitators would be content to ſacrifice three or four verſes to theſe acceſſory beauties, to lead more readily to the concluſion. I will follow complacently the Italian Fabuliſt whom I ſhall tranſlate: I will even have the boldneſs to employ, in order better to render his thoughts, certain turns, which, carrying me from the letter, will make

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me come nearer to the ſenſe. In one word;——Somigli ſhall ſpeak as, I preſume, he would have ſpoken in his Fable of the *Bee and the Roſe*, if in compoſing it, according to the genius of the Poets of his nation, he had undertaken at the ſame time to write in French proſe.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

A Bee, attracted by the perfume of a parterre of ſweet-ſcented flowers, penetrated into the middle of the garden, and there this induſtrious creature immediately wings her way from flower to flower, to extract the ſugar from thoſe which ſhould moſt flatter her taſte. Here ſhe is ſeduced by the whiteneſs of the jaſmine, or the velvet hue of the panſy; there ſhe attaches herſelf to a ranunculus, or places herſelf upon a double violet. The Zephyr ſoftly agitates the flowers, but ſoon blows with a ſtronger gale, as if he would guarantee them from the pillage of the Bee. Tormented by the wind, ſhe paſſes frequently from flowers the moſt agitated, to thoſe which appear more able to reſiſt the efforts of Boreas, though he bends the ſhrubs nearly to the ground, and at laſt alights upon a roſe tree. A new-blown Roſe, juſt as the Bee diſpoſes herſelf to extract its treaſures, addreſſes her, not only on its own account, but in favour of the other flowers of the ſame parterre.

"Who has adviſed thee to deſpoil this odoriferous family? Thinkeſt thou that flowers are uſeleſs on the earth? Is it not their agreeable ſweetneſs that has brought thee into this garden? Do they not ſerve to recreate the ſight by their variety? The ſeven colours which Iris diſplays in the middle of the heavens have leſs brightneſs. The flowers are the dreſs of Nymphs and Shepherdeſſes, with which they adorn their hair and their boſoms. The reins of Venus's car are formed of roſes, and the whip with which ſhe haſtens the timid doves amidſt the clouds of the ſky is a whip of roſes. Take a view of the temple of the gods: thou wilt ſee them adorned with flowers,

flowers, and their altars covered with garlands. I once more aſk,——Who has adviſed thee to deſtroy this charming family?"

The Bee, inſenſible to the complaints of the Roſe, replied——

"If I attach myſelf to the ſweet-ſcented flowers, I do it with a deſign to compoſe the beſt honey for the uſe of man.—The ſweetneſs of this honey ſufficiently proves with what care I labour, and juſtifies the preference I give to this or that particular flower. Even the wax, where is depoſited the honey which I compoſe, alone ſurpaſſes all the advantages that flowers may boaſt; in ſhort, I occupy myſelf in working ſo uſefully for others, that I forget myſelf."

So ſaying, ſhe ſqueezed the ſweet from the roſe on which ſhe had alighted. The tender flower inſtantly withered, drooped its head, and loſt, for ever, that freſhneſs which made it ſo much admired!

Oh, ye, great Wits, who go to plunder in the garden of Apollo, ſee that you imitate well the induſtrious Bee! If you muſt ſteal, have taſte enough to ſteal that which is good; that your thefts may enable you, at leaſt, to produce Works of merit, ſuch as may charm and delight the world.

I. T.

ON A TASTE FOR REAL PLEASURES.

PLEASURE is a common object: every body runs after it; and yet it is ſo ſeldom overtaken, that we meet in the world none but the really unfortunate, or ſlaves of *ennui*. This muſt be undoubtedly owing to our miſtaking the right road to it, for Nature does nothing in vain; and when ſhe implanted that general deſire in the breaſt of man, ſhe could not withhold from him the means of gratifying it.

The diſorders of imagination, the illuſions of ſelf-love, and a falſe delicacy of ſenſe, are the ſources from which we expect to derive happineſs; and we are aſtoniſhed when we find nothing but fatigue, diſguſt, and ſatiety. What is it that we ſeek

ſeek in balls, in ſpectacles, and aſſemblies? This is the ſentiment which we hope to find there, but for which we hope in vain. All the pleaſures which cities afford are without taſte or flavour. The open air is as neceſſary for the dilation of the heart, as for the expanſion of flowers, and the heavens are the natural canopy of man. What would Ambition——what would Avarice demand? Amaſs round you the treaſures of both the Indies; place at your feet all the crowns of the earth; unite in your own perſon every thing that the moſt ſervile adulation can beſtow; indulge in every thing which the moſt venal voluptuouſneſs can purchaſe and imagine;—and you will ſee a Tiberius, at Caprea, tormented with the void within his heart, and wanting a ſentiment in the midſt of the whole world!

Nature has placed within ourſelves the ſource of our happineſs. The firſt ſentiment which calls the ſoul out of itſelf—that makes it feel, with bounding joy, the beating of the heart—that whiſpers to the heart, that it is not made for itſelf alone,——is, Filial Piety! What tender cares ſolicit it!—Deſire, expectation, &c., uſher man into life, under the protection of paternal tenderneſs. The cares of his infancy, the education of his youth, his eſtabliſhment in ſociety;—theſe are the kind ſervices which he receives from the father:——what fond indulgence for his faults!—what active ſolicitude in all his cares! The father's eye foreſees every thing, provides every thing; and, plunging into diſtant futurity, where he has nothing to hope for himſelf, he there ſecures before-hand a continuation of happineſs for him who is to be his repreſentative, when himſelf ſhall be no more.

Happy infancy!——tender and innocent age!——Who would not regret your delicious enjoyments, free from care?—Without anxiety, without paſſions, you know life only by two lively ſentiments, intended for the felicity of the mind—*Hope* and *Love!* Ah! were ye but conſcious of your happy ſtate—could ye but guard yourſelves againſt the illuſions which are juſt beginning to lead your imagination aſtray—you would be the image of Man in his Purity!——you would live

tranquil under the protection of paternal providence and care, as we live under the ever-open eye of Supreme Goodneſs and Wiſdom!———"When ſhall I be big?" you exclaim.—Ah! and we alſo——"When ſhall we be at maturity?"

In proportion as time unfolds reaſon and ſenſibility, new bonds of connexion multiply around us, and fix man on his native ſoil, and in his paternal manſion. A falſe philoſophy may pronounce, with a feigned enthuſiaſm——"The whole world is my country." But this vague philoſophy is nothing more than a hypocritical inſenſibility. The heart loves to feel itſelf preſſed more cloſely. Sentiments connect themſelves with the images of places; and a ſoul of ſenſibility will exclaim with the young Eliacin——"This temple is my country: I know no other."

What pathetic ſcenes—what tender, what animated ſentiment—does not domeſtic life produce!——a mother, fond to weakneſs!—brothers, ſiſters, relatives, friends! What a variety of connexions!—how many little internal occurences!—how many different ſituations, which are nothing in the eyes of the world, but are every thing to a heart of ſenſibility! Is there a ſpot in our paternal habitation in which the ſteps of a Provident Goodneſs are not imprinted and conſecrated, as formerly in the land of Canaan, by ſome monument of a tender and religious ſentiment? Here I have received a proof of tenderneſs!—there, a mark of indulgence!—Here I imbibed pious leſſons and maxims, which ſhall ever be for me the tables of the law! I will tranſmit them as they were tranſmited to me, and with the authority of an example more.

Mature age would be that of the plenitude of happineſs intended for man, did he remain obedient to the inſpirations of Nature. His knowledge is acquired, his experience is formed, the intellectual and corporeal being is in its full perfection. Become the father of a family, and a proprietor,—what a delicious ſource of ſentiments is opened in his heart!—what a vaſt ſphere for his thoughts to reign in!

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To iſolated man, life is monſtrous; and without intereſt, his days ſucceed to each other without variety: ſociety produces nothing but uniform ſcenes, and even the paſſions range in a confined circle. But for a father, the education of his children; their progreſs in learning; the unfolding of their minds; the prognoſtics whence to form an opinion of their diſpoſitions; his hopes; his fears; the plans which connect the future to the preſent, and give to man the enjoyment of the time when he ſhall be no more:——ſuch are the pleaſures which Nature propoſes to a wiſe and enlightened parent, who feels the dignity of his ſtate, and the obligations which he has contracted, by accepting the auguſt privilege of perpetuating his ſpecies!

ON CHARACTERS.

MEN live together in ſociety; employ each other reciprocally in their various occupations; love, hate, and judge one another, without penetrating to the inmoſt receſſes of the heart.

To judge fairly of man, it is not ſufficient to know him by this or that particular quality; by ſuch or ſuch talent, which we may chance to obſerve in the courſe of our connexion with him. A mild man may ſometimes abandon himſelf to an emotion of anger; a violent man may, in certain circumſtances, aſſume patience and moderation; a miſer may, in the courſe of his life, furniſh a trait of beneficence and generoſity; a ſtern man may ſometimes relax into tenderneſs, and one of a vindictive temper be at times gentle and forgiving:—a man covered with blood, in the French revolution, has been known to faint at the ſight of a fly killed by a ſpider; and ſome of the fineſt women, and of the moſt exceſſive delicacy, have been at the execution of a criminal: a ſtupid man may ſay a witty thing, and a man of wit may fall into a ſtupid blunder; a fool has been obſerved to do an act of wiſdom, and a wiſe man to do an act of folly.

So many judgments would not be hazarded, ſo many characters would not be falſely beſtowed, were it not for examining objects only on one ſide; which, in order to be fairly eſtimated, ought to be ſcrupulouſly examined on every ſide.—But we do in ſociety, in this particular, as ſuperficial travellers are wont to do in foreign countries. They judge of the manners and habits of a nation from a few individuals who fall in their way. We often judge of a man from ſome trait which may be foreign to his nature, and at variance with all the others which conſtitute his diſpoſition.

To judge men with juſtice, they muſt be followed with the greateſt attention. A man may have five or ſix characters, and yet none of them be the real one. A diverſity of opinions on the ſame ſubject, proves, not only that it may have been ſeen in different points of view, but alſo the different lights in which it may have ſhewn itſelf. Men, like women, have all a certain character, however great the multitude of elements of which it is compoſed. It can only be known when, laying paſſion and prejudice aſide, proper pains are taken to diſcover it. But the more capable a man is of ſeizing the point of union which connects a vice with a virtue, ſo much the more ſagacity is neceſſary to diſcriminate the one from the other.

We hear Mondor boaſt of his generoſity, Therſites of his prudence, Laboulay of his economy. The young Mirville aſſures us Nature has fitted her for the myſteries of politics; and the beauteous Adella for thoſe of love. But Adella is nothing but a coquette, and Mirville a woman of intrigue.—Laboulay is a wretched miſer, Therſites a dull fellow, and Mondor a prodigal.

A great many people have only the character that is given to them, or that which they are allowed to take. A man who may be reckoned an accompliſhed gentleman at one table, may be an impertinent fellow at another.

CASUAL

CASUAL BENEVOLENCE;

OR, DISTRESS RELIEVED.

"OH, God! ſupport them in this hour of trial!" exclaimed a voice, which ſeemed to iſſue from behind a hedge on the other ſide of the road. There was ſomething ſo peculiarly affecting in the tone, and ſo full of miſery in the expreſſion, that it ſeemed to vibrate on my heart, and ſet the chords of tenderneſs in motion. Sympathy impelled me to break through the fence, and offer to aſſiſt this child of wretchedneſs; yet a dread of intruding upon the privacy of ſorrow arreſted my feet, and fixed them to the ſpot.

An aperture in the hedge enabled me to gratify my deſire of ſeeing the unhappy being in whoſe diſtreſſes I took ſo warm a concern; and, removing a few of the branches which impeded my ſight, I beheld the figure of a man, apparently about thirty. There was an air of diſconſolate wretchedneſs upon his features that completely accorded with the plaintive ejaculation; and whilſt the tears courſed down his manly cheeks, his hat invited the offering of benevolence.

"This," ſaid I to myſelf, "can be no common beggar—this muſt be an object worthy of compaſſion!"

"And if he *were* a common beggar," replied Humanity, "ought *that* to be an antidote to kindneſs? Might not Diſtreſs reduce him to that ſituation, which cold Precaution rigidly condemns? Beggar and Fellow-creature become inſtantly the ſame."——

And, following the genuine impulſe of Humanity, I ſtooped down, and placed a guinea in the hat.

He gazed at me with a mixture of gratitude and aſtoniſhment, and exclaimed, in a tone of frantic joy——

"Do not my ſenſes now deceive me!——Oh! my Eliza!——oh! my babes!" Then graſping me by the hand with the moſt expreſſive emotion, he ſaid——"You have ſaved the lives of thoſe dear treaſures!"——and, without allowing

me time to reply, ſprang from his ſeat, and haſtened towards town.

My eyes followed his rapid footſteps, and my thoughts penetrated into the manſion of diſtreſs. I imperceptibly took the ſame path, whilſt my mind was occupied in reflecting upon his misfortunes. The ruſtling of the graſs called forth his attention, and, turning ſuddenly round, he exclaimed—

"Come, and witneſs the effect of your benevolence!"

To this invitation I ſilently acquieſced, and followed him through a variety of turnings. At length he arrived at a ſmall hovel, the external of which was an emblem of Poverty.——

——"Here," ſaid he, with tremulous emotion, "you will ſee an angel ſtruggling againſt misfortune!——Oh! my Eliza!" continued he, ſtriking his head with frantic violence, "from what a ſtupendous height art thou fallen!"

I did not attempt a reply to this apoſtrophe, and he haſtily opened the unreſiſting door, and impatiently aſcended the broken ſtairs until he arrived at their very ſummit. The agitation of his mind had ſo greatly increaſed, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he was able to reſpire; and had he not ſtopped to recover his breath, he would not have been able to enter the room.

"Oh, 'tis papa!" exclaimed a lovely child, as he tremblingly entered the forlorn abode. "And now mamma will ſoon be better; and ſo will little Henry, too."

"My Henry!" ſighed forth a languid voice, "why have you been abſent from me ſo long? My heart foreboded ſome new misfortune, and trembled with apprehenſion for the ſafety of its lord!"

"My life!—my love!" exclaimed the tortured huſband, whilſt he preſſed the object of affection to his heart——"I have at length found out the means of ſuſtenance, and know the method to preſerve thy life! But," continued he, "let me not waſte a ſingle moment——let me procure that nouriſhment I know you muſt require."

"Yes,

"Yes, papa," ſaid the little cherub, "mamma told me, juſt now, ſhe was very faint; but ſhe would not eat one morſel of breakfaſt, and gave me the laſt piece of bread in the houſe."

"See your benefactor! my beloved child," ſaid the agitated father, as he quitted the room. The child inſtantly embraced my knees, whilſt the mother's countenance expreſſed more than words. I inſtantly ſeated myſelf by her ſide, and entreated her not to wound me by the term *obligation:* aſſured her of my readineſs to be ſerviceable to her huſband, if he would implicitly confide in my friendſhip. By this time he was returned, laden with the produce of my benevolence; and whilſt I witneſſed the effect they produced on his Eliza, my heart expanded with the moſt refined ſenſations!

Loſt in contemplating the objects before me, and full of the ideas which they had inſpired, I involuntarily burſt forth into the following ſoliloquy, without reflecting that they were in the room.

——"Ye cold Inſenſibles to ſorrow, when will ye taſte delights like theſe! When will your apathetic hearts participate in pleaſures thus refined! How many paſſed that wretch to-day, without endeavouring to relieve his woes! How many *ſeemed* to feel for his diſtreſs, without attempting to remove the cauſe! Oh! ſoft Benevolence——benignant Power!—long take thy ſanctuary within my breaſt, and there become a pleader for the wretched!"

How far theſe reflections might have carried me, had they not been interrupted by the child's exclaiming——"Papa, what is the matter with the gentleman?" I cannot pretend to ſay; but her voice recalled my attention, and gave me opportunity of obſerving, that they regarded me with a mixture of pity and ſurprize. The idea,—that they ſuppoſed me the victim of Inſanity, inſtantaneouſly ſtruck my mind; and, by way of removing the unfavourable impreſſion, I began to enquire into the ſtate of their affairs; explained in what manner

ner I ſhould be able to aſſiſt them; and aſſured them of my deſire to prove a ſteady friend.

"Deſtitute and forlorn as you now ſee me," ſaid this intereſting and amiable young man, "I am neither worthleſs nor depraved; and though my misfortunes have been poignantly ſevere, they were never occaſioned by the commiſſion of any vice. I am the younger ſon of a reſpectable clergyman, whoſe preferment was too confined to allow him to ſave a fortune for his children, but whoſe abilities enabled him to compenſate them for the want of it, by the time he devoted to their education. At the age of eighteen I was ſo completely maſter of the dead languages, and ſo thoroughly acquainted with the belles lettres, that I was thought qualified to undertake the office of preceptor, and was accordingly engaged in a nobleman's family, as private tutor to their only ſon.

"In this employment I obtained ſuch credit, that my patron treated me with all the kindneſs of a father; and ſo much did I venerate and eſteem him for it, that I would readily have ſacrificed my life in his ſervice.

"Time flew rapidly away, and each moment ſeemed winged with new delight. Eliza, who at my firſt entrance into the family was merely a playful child, ſoon became an accompliſhed young woman; the pride of her parents, and the admiration of her friends. My heart acknowledged the force of her attractions, but cautiouſly concealed the growing flame; and, inſtead of trying to ſecure her affections, I was only ſolicitous to conceal my own. The ſtruggle, however, between tenderneſs and duty proved too violent for me to ſupport, and I was abſolutely reduced to the brink of the grave by the efforts I uſed to ſubdue my love.

"The gentle Eliza ſympathized in my ſorrows, and, alas! too ſoon completely ſhared in them; for the flame which had burnt with ſuch fury in my boſom was quickly communicated to her own. Her father's ſuſpicions were arouſed, and I inſtantly felt his power: he loaded me with abuſe—treated me with

with contempt—and vowed his reſentment ſhould never know ſatiety.

This I could have endured with manly fortitude, had not my Eliza fallen a victim to his diſpleaſure. All that tyrannic power could invent was inflicted upon her lovely perſon; and when ſhe refuſed to obey her father's orders, and give her hand to a man whom her ſoul abhorred, ſhe was indignantly forced from his inhoſpitable doors, and compelled to ſeek ſhelter in theſe impotent arms.

"His inhuman barbariſm ſtill purſues us, and counteracts each effort I can uſe. Various have been the plans which I have adopted, but all have been fruſtrated by his machinations; and when your benevolence reſcued me from deſtruction, my thoughts were meditating againſt my life."

A ſcream from Eliza checked the narration, and her alarmed huſband fell inſtantly at her feet.

As ſoon as her apprehenſions and fears were ſubſided, I quitted the apartment, and procured a coach, in which I conveyed the trembling Eliza and her grateful huſband to my houſe. Here I have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her daily recover, whilſt her huſband's felicity knows no bounds: her children are beyond the reach of their grandfather's reſentment, and my enjoyment is both exquiſite and refined.

Let thoſe who would explode caſual benevolence deeply contemplate this authentic tale, and let them reflect upon the benefit which ſociety may derive from the preſervation of a life ſo eſtimable as Henry's.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES,

FROM THE 13TH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

NO. XII.

KATHARINE Killigrew was the fourth daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and Anne his wife, and born at Giddy Hall, in Eſſex, about the year 1530. Having enjoyed all

all the advantages of a liberal education, ſhe ſoon became famous for her ſkill in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, and for her poetical talent. A ſpecimen of her ſkill in that art is preſerved by Sir John Harrington and Dr. Fuller.—What the motive was that induced her to write theſe verſes is uncertain. Harrington, who ſeems to have been perſonally acquainted with theſe ladies, ſays they were wrote to Lady Burleigh, to ſend a kinſman of her's into Cornwall, where ſhe dwelt, and to ſtop his going beyond ſea. Mr. Philips ſays it was her lover. But Dr. Fuller, with much more probability, tells us, that Sir Henry Killigrew, her huſband, was deſigned by Queen Elizabeth to go Ambaſſador to France, in troubleſome times, when, that employment always difficult, but then manifeſtly dangerous, his lady wrote thoſe verſes to her ſiſter, Mildred Cecil, to uſe her intereſt with the Lord Treaſurer, her huſband, that Sir Henry might be excuſed from that ſervice. But, whatever was the occaſion, the verſes are as follow.

Si mihi quem cupio cures Mildreda remitti,
Tu bona, tu melior, tu mihi ſola ſoror:
Sin male ceſſando retines, & trans mare mittis,
Tu mala, tu pejor, tu mihi nulla ſoror.
Is ſi Cornubiam, tibi pax ſit & omnia læta,
Sin mare, Ceciliæ nuncio bella. Vale.

Thus Engliſhed.——

If, Mildred, to my wiſhes kind,
Thy valu'd charge thou ſend,
In thee my ſoul ſhall own, combin'd,
The ſiſter and the friend.

If from my eyes, by thee detain'd,
The wand'rer croſs the ſeas,
No more thy love ſhall ſooth, as friend,
No more as ſiſter, pleaſe.

His ſtay let Cornwall's ſhores engage,
And peace with Mildred dwell,
Elſe war with Cecil's name I'll wage,
Perpetual war.——Farewell.

She

She was married to Henry Killigrew, Eſq., a Corniſh gentleman, who, for the good ſervices he did his country, in the quality of Ambaſſador, was afterwards knighted. What iſſue ſhe had, or left behind her, we know not, nor when ſhe died; only that it appears, by her father's will, that ſhe was living, May 22, 1576, and that ſhe lies buried in the church of St. Thomas the Apoſtle, in Vintry Ward, London; where an elegant monument is erected to her memory, on which is the following inſcription.

In Mortem Suam hæc Carmina dum vixerat ſcripſit D. Katharina Killigreia.

Dormio nunc Domino, Domini virtute reſurgam;
Et σωτῆρα meum carne videbo meâ.
Mortua ne dicar, fruitur pars altera Chriſto:
Et ſurgam capiti, tempore, tota meo.

Thus tranſlated.——

Mrs. Katharine Killigrew wrote the following Verſes, in her life-time, on her Own Death.

To God I ſleep, but I in God ſhall riſe,
And in the fleſh my Lord and Saviour ſee;
Call me not dead, my ſoul to Chriſt is fled,
And ſoon both ſoul and body join'd ſhall be.

Several other epitaphs and verſes were written by other hands to the memory of this excellent lady.

DIOGENES AND GLYCERE.

[Concluded from page 350.]

THE young Lady continued, and gave me to underſtand how it happened that, the ſame night, under the arches of the Ceramique, ſhe had come to place herſelf under my protection, in ſo ſuſpicious a covering——————.

I think

How late mine eyes indulg'd the tender gaze,
Whilſt Love's ſoft glance my tranſports oft would own;
My ſoul was loſt in Rapture's bliſsful maze;
But Mary's fled!——ſweet joys, ye now are gone!

Yet, tho' my ſoul no ſoothing calm can find—
Tho' the deep ſigh oft ſpeaks a heart oppreſt—
Still fleeted tranſports dwell upon my mind,
Still joys, illuſive, linger on my breaſt!

While ſteering thus my courſe precarious,
My fortune ſtill has been to find
Men's hearts and diſpoſitions various,
But gentle Woman ever kind!—

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;
The wounds of pain and ſorrow healing,
With ſoft compaſſion's ſweeteſt tone!

I think I might leave it to your own imagination to fill up this chaſm:—for example; you have only to figure to yourſelf, that Glycon, in order to pleaſe his new miſtreſs, made a preſent of his old one to one of his friends; that his friend, not conceiving himſelf well treated, preſents her to a ſculptor; the ſculptor, after having modelled ſome ſtatues by her, ſold her to a correſpondent of the Seraglio, who exchanged her for merchandize, of the Levant, to an old Captain of a veſſel from Epheſus. The young lady, frightened at the new maſter they were about to give her, took flight the preceding night, and remained during the day hid under the ruins of an old building. If, I ſay, you figure to yourſelf a tiſſue of ſimilar adventures, you will have come near to the truth.

However it may be, the young Laïs found herſelf under my protection; and that was ſufficient for me to intereſt myſelf in her behalf, and to render her all the ſervices in my power.

I was not much richer then, than I am at preſent. I had only compaſſion and good counſel to offer her.

If, perhaps, at any time, a copy of theſe tablets ſhould be handed down to poſterity, the advice I gave her then may in future ages be of uſe to ſome other young female, who may find herſelf either in a like ſituation, or a ſimilar embarraſſment, too common with her ſex, for the government of her heart. In this ſuppoſition, I dedicate the following remarks to the tender and delicate Fair who may ſurvive me; but not to make uſe (but with circumſpection) of the philoſophy which I teach from it; beſeeching them to keep it for themſelves, and to hide it well from their mothers, and, above all, from their lovers.

"All that thou haſt ſuffered hitherto," ſaid I to the young ſtranger, "has been the natural conſequence of having the fair Laïs for thy mother. Endeavour to forget it; at leaſt, only remember as much of it as the experience thou haſt acquired by the paſt may be of uſe to thee in future. Henceforward the future alone ought to occupy thee, and the ſucceſs will depend on thyſelf. So pretty a perſon [I could not prevent

prevent myſelf, in ſaying ſo, from ſaluting her] is, ſurely, deſtined for ſomething better than the play-thing of a Glycon, or a model to a Calamis. Nature, amiable child, has done much for thee: Fortune nothing, yet; but, whimſical as ſhe is, ſhe will not be ſlow to repair her negligences."

"She has already begun," ſaid the fair one; "ſince I am fallen into your hands!"

Did not that deſerve another kiſs?

"Thy fortune, for the future," continued I, "will abſolutely depend upon the uſe thou mayeſt make of thy qualities, and of events. And ſince there are *names* which do not augur well, let us begin by changing thine; and, inſtead of *Laidie*, thou ſhalt call thyſelf *Glycere*. It is under this name that I will preſent thee to one of my friends, who, if thou art a little grateful to him, will, perhaps, be generous enough to conduct thee to Milete, under the inſpection of an old freed-woman of his houſe. There, provided with all that decency requires, by a life tranquil and uniform, thou wilt ſoon attract the attention of all the city. For there is a method of concealing one's ſelf, in order to be more eagerly ſought after, or better ſeen; and, in a little time, I'll anſwer for it, lovers will preſs round thee, like bees round the roſe tree. Be well aware of their deſigns, child; they ſeek only to have thee on the cheapeſt terms poſſible: thine ought to be,—to diſpoſe of thyſelf as dear as thou can'ſt.

"Thy own heart, perhaps, will oppoſe itſelf as the ſtrongeſt obſtacle to this principle. How I ſhould pity it, if it ſuffered itſelf to receive a bad impreſſion, or to be inflamed by an object which would only ſatisfy thy ſight! A beautiful woman has a thouſand things to grant, which are not of any importance; but her heart ought always to remain in her own power. So long as thou ſhalt remain miſtreſs of this ſhield, thou wilt be impenetrable. Endeavour to receive kindly all thy lovers, without appearing to favour any one. Divide the favours thou granteſt, without injuring thyſelf, in a thouſand little particular inſtances. Let a glance of the eye be of conſequence to the happy mortal who may be the object of it;

and let the interval between the look of indifference and the encouraging one, and from that to the tender, be occupied, if poſſible (and a handſome woman has the power), with a hundred more, which remove by degrees from the firſt as they approach the other. But, above all, have great care to hide from them thy coquetry, as far as may be neceſſary to warn them to hold themſelves on their guard.

"It would be equally wrong and hurtful to thee to give them reaſon to think that thy heart is wholly inacceſſible to love. Leave to all thoſe, who ſhall appear to merit the trouble of it, the hope of making a conqueſt; but manage ſo well thy proceedings, that thou mayeſt always have it in thy power to favour particularly him who may have been either weak or tender enough to commit to thy diſcretion his perſon, and his happineſs; well underſtanding, that, after mature conſideration of his fortune, thou findeſt that he is well worth the trouble of giving him in exchange the ſacrifice of thy liberty. Then thou mayeſt, with caution, half open to this happy mortal, when his tenderneſs begins to diminiſh, that thou art capable of ſenſibility.

"But, didſt thou not tell me, that thou waſt not ſuſceptible of love?"

She bluſhed.

"I *thought* ſo," replied ſhe in a faltering voice.

"*Not I*," replied the ſon of Icetas, giving her at the ſame time a tender and wicked look. His knee at this moment touched that of Glycere: he felt it ſtart.

"Why do you not go on?" ſaid ſhe.

"I muſt firſt of all know if thou art ſuſceptible of love."

"Very well!——Suppoſe you ſhould find that I am?"

"You muſt then inform me to what degree."

Her cloak, which ſhe had adjuſted round her knee, was a little deranged above. A ſweet emotion dimmed the luſtre of her ſparkling eyes. The ſon of Icetas was then in his twenty-fifth year. His curioſity might well be excited. Was there not ſufficient reaſon for it?

"Oh, my tender Glycere! why am I not maſter of the univerſe——or, rather, why have I not a ſmall farm, ſufficient

cient for us both, adjoining to which a little garden, and near that a cultivated field, to ſubſiſt upon; and ſome ſhrubberies, to hide from the eyes of the univerſe the ſight of our happineſs?"

Let us confeſs, my good friends, that the heart is very weak: however, notwithſtanding its weakneſs, in ſpite of the croſs accidents to which it may and does ſometimes expoſe us, it is the ſource of our pureſt pleaſures, our nobleſt actions, and beſt inclinations.

I cannot help pitying, and even deſpiſing, thoſe who are not of the ſame opinion, and unwilling to believe it.

In the mean time, I would wiſh to perſuade the women never to inſure, from pretended experience, that they are incapable of becoming ſenſible even to a certain point.

A ſweet ſleep interrupted the leſſons of a friend, and the deſire that the young ſcholar felt to inſtruct herſelf.

How much it has coſt thee, too weak diſciple of the wiſe Antiſthenes, to reſume thy inſtructions where thou didſt leave off!

"My dear Glycere," ſaid I, when I had finiſhed (making an effort on myſelf), "in ſpite of the love I have conceived for thee, if I would that this paſſion ſhould not have the effect of hatred, it would be well that I——————continue——————Ah! Glycere!——to-morrow we ſee each other no more!"

"Not ſee each other again!——And, why not?"

"Becauſe my preſence from henceforward would be an obſtacle to thy happineſs!"

"To my happineſs!——Are you ſerious?——Can you think of our ſeparation?"

"It muſt be ſo——————Circumſtances——————."

"What, Diogenes——I ſhould be an obſtacle to your happineſs!"

"No, Glycere!——Happineſs and I have long been at variance: but I ſhould hinder thine."

"If theſe are thy motives, hear me, Diogenes.——I do not aſpire to greater happineſs than living with you! You

merit a companion, in whoſe arms you may forget the injuſtice of Fortune, and of men! Do not fear that I ſhall become expenſive to you. I have hands, with which I will labour for a ſubſiſtence."

Oh! incomparable woman!!——I for a long time expoſtulated; but Glycere was not to be over-ruled. Speak, now, you, to whom Nature has given a ſenſible heart——Was I deceived, when I thought I perceived in her countenance the traces of a *ſublime ſoul?*

We ſwore an eternal friendſhip! We ſoon after quitted Athens. The world forgot us:——with pleaſure we forgot the world. Three fortunate years!————Tears prevent my going on.

————The tender Glycere is no more!!!——With her I loſt all I had ſtill to loſe. Her place of reſt is the only little corner of the earth that I vouchſafe to reclaim. None but myſelf know where it is. I have planted it with roſes—and in no other place is their perfume, to me, ſo ſweet.——Every year, when they begin to bloom, I viſit this ſacred place. I ſeat myſelf upon my Glycere's tomb. I there gather a roſe.

————" Like to this!" ſaid I, " thou waſt once blooming and young!"——

And I ſtrip off the leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground:—then, penſively reclined, I recall to my remembrance the charming dream of my youth; and a tear—with which I water the grave—ſatisfies the manes of this loved ſhade!

If you are not affected, Gentlemen, it is not my fault:—but I pardon you; for you have not loſt a Glycere!!

I. T.

THE

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXIV.

—

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A Woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat:
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight;—
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.

LYTTELTON.

THE commencement of the moſt charming ſeaſon of the year naturally turns the mind to the contemplation of innocent enjoyments. The beauties of Nature every where preſent themſelves, and irreſiſtibly command attention. A clear ſky, a genial ſun, a verdant landſcape, the varied ſweets of rural felicity, ſummon from the crowded city to the tranquil retreat in the country; while the ſpirits of health, and the gay imaginations of youth, paint every ſcene in the moſt delightful colours, and render every attractive object doubly endearing.

There are ſome, however, who only exchange the diſſipations of the metropolis for the buſtle of ſome places of public reſort; who ſtill place their ſupreme of felicity in the ball-room, or in forming parties of unmeaning pleaſure; who eye the varied charms of Nature with indifference, when put in competition with the flutter on the public parade; and who ſhew themſelves, rather to gain admiration, than to inhale the enlivening breeze, or to mark the expanding flower, and the progreſs of vegetation. To ſuch I have nothing to ſay on this occaſion: their taſte, if they call this pleaſure, is contrary to mine; yet it is not improper, occaſionally, to ſee ſociety in its every aſpect, and to vary ſituation when circumſtances permit, and the mind is under the guidance of ſimplicity and innocence. Travelling has many advantages to recommend it; and health frequently requires that we ſhould quaff at the mineral ſpring, or dip in the briny wave. I addreſs myſelf

however, to thoſe, who, if they have the felicity to reſide in the country, wiſh to improve the advantages of their ſituation, and to render them productive of ſelf-gratification, elegant amuſement, and the benefit of their kind. For this purpoſe, I ſhall preſent my readers with a rural week's journal of the employment of Hortenſia during laſt ſummer. She is a young lady of a moſt amiable diſpoſition; and her conduct, I hope, will ſpeak for itſelf. Her taſte, indeed, may be ridiculed by the faſhionable; but it will be honoured by the accompliſhed, the rural, and the pious.

Sunday.] Attended divine ſervice, morning and afternoon. The ſermon in the morning was taken from the following text——"Let him that ſtandeth take heed, leſt he fall."—In the courſe of his addreſs, the ſenſible preacher made this juſt and appoſite remark, which I truſt I ſhall never forget. —"Cenſorious perſons," ſaid he, "think they ſhew themſelves to be the friends of juſtice; whereas their diſpoſition takes its colour from vice and uncharitableneſs. To ſpeak ill of others, argues a bad heart; for innocence, like charity, thinketh no evil." Was ſhocked at the light behaviour of ſome of my acquaintances, who laughed and talked, as if they had been in a ball-room, or amuſing themſelves over a diſh of tea. To ſhew indifference to devotion is highly criminal; but to affect levity in the courts of the Supreme Being, is a degree of preſumption which a reflecting mind muſt ſhrink from with awe!

In the afternoon, paid ſome viſits of charity to my poor neighbours, and diſtributed catechiſms among the younger children; and to ſome, more advanced in years, gave prayer-books, which were received with every ſign of gratitude.—May a proper uſe be made of my humble, but well-meant, endeavours to ſerve ſuch as ſtand in need of aſſiſtance and encouragement in the paths of Religion and Virtue!

Monday.] The morning being very fine, roſe early, and, in company with my dear Amelia, ſallied out before breakfaſt on a botanical excurſion. The newly riſen ſun, the freſhneſs

of

of the air, the carol of birds, and the verdant veſture of Nature, inſpired calm delights, and gave a flow of ſpirits which are never felt by thoſe who indulge long in bed. We found ſeveral curious plants, particularly of the orchis tribe; and having examined them, on our return, we entered their names in our memorandum book.* Attempted to draw and paint the butterfly orchis, which employed me till dinner. In the afternoon Amelia and I read and worked, by turns.—The book was on the ſubject of Biography, a ſpecies of compoſition from which I always receive improvement and delight. In the cool of the evening, walked into the village, and was happy to ſee the young people engaged in innocent ſports on the green. Called on my old nurſe, and left her a pledge of my gratitude for her care of me in infancy, which no good heart can ever forget.

Tueſday.] Day rainy throughout, with warm gleams of ſunſhine. Stayed within, and divided my time between reading Thomſon's Seaſons and working for a poor widow woman with a numerous family. *Mem.* Never in future to give my waiting-maid reaſon to expect my old clothes, which only make her ridiculous and vain; but to allow her a compenſation for them in money, and to cut them up for the uſe and advantage of the poor female children in my neighbourhood.

Wedneſday.] In conſequence of a previous engagement, took a ride, in company, to our market-town, to dine with a reſpectable and worthy apothecary; who, unlike many of his fraternity, has more pleaſure in ſeeing his friends in the bloom of health, and ſitting at his hoſpitable board, than in attending them in a ſickly chamber, and forcing them to ſwallow medicines for his own emolument. His daughters are ingenious and pleaſant young women; and we were entertained in the moſt agreeable manner. On our return, in the evening, my dear Amelia had the misfortune to be thrown from her horſe, and received a violent ſprain in her ancle, beſides

of

* The Lady's and Gentleman's Botanical Pocket Book, lately publiſhed, will be found very pleaſant and profitable to the lovers of vegetable Nature.

ſome

ſome bruiſes. In conſequence of this accident, our friendly hoſt was obliged to be ſent for; and we all had the ſatisfaction to find, that he pronounced her injuries too ſlight to be attended with any other unpleaſant conſequence than a ſhort confinement. How many ills is mankind expoſed to: how quick the tranſition from pleaſure to pain! A happy party was inſtantly gloomed by this misfortune: but it might have been worſe; and we have reaſon to thank a kind, ſuperintending Providence for its care of us!

Thurſday.] Reſt being preſcribed to Amelia, I ſat by her all day, and amuſed her with reading eſſays and ſhort tales.—The ſtory of the *Earthquake*, in a "Father's Gift to his Children," affected us much; but when the heart is ſoftened without being corrupted, I am no enemy to the narrations of fancy.——In the evening, a poor woman, attended by three ſmall, ragged children, and a fourth in her arms, called at our gate to ſolicit alms. Her babes were almoſt ſtarved with hunger, and ſhe was faint from the ſame cauſe herſelf. Her ſtory was a melancholy one. Her huſband had been a ſerjeant in the army, and, falling in battle, left his widow and offſpring deſtitute in a foreign land. I found, from various letters and certificates, that the poor woman had ſeen better days, and had received an education above the rank in which, to the diſpleaſure of her friends, ſhe married, and to whom ſhe was returning. We collected enough to help her on her way, and recommended her to ſome friends in the road ſhe was to paſs. What ſufferings are often entailed on our ſex from one imprudent ſtep!

Friday.] Mr. M—— called, at breakfaſt-time, to offer his company to attend us to a charitable ſubſcription ball, at our market-town, which was to take place this evening. It was intended for the benefit of a diſtreſſed family, whoſe little all had been deſtroyed by lightning a ſhort time ago; and we felt it a duty to make pleaſure ſubſervient to benevolence, and therefore had taken tickets. Amelia's misfortune would not allow us to attend; and the expenſes we ſaved by ſtaying at home were faithfully added to the contribution, and put into the hands of Mr. M——.

This

This gentleman was prevailed on to ſtay dinner. He is a ſenſible and agreeable man, and we ſpent our time very pleaſantly in his ſociety. His taſte for literature and the ſciences is very great, and he is ſaid to be no mean proficient himſelf. This confers a dignity on his manners; and, without depriving him of a ſingle art of pleaſing, gives his company a charm, which is never found in the coxcomb and the mere man of faſhion. In the evening, Amelia was able to walk in the garden; and we collected ſome indigenous plants, whoſe names we added to our vegetable ſtores.

Saturday.] This day being overcaſt, we took an airing in a carriage. Amelia enjoyed the freſh air after her ſhort confinement. What muſt they ſuffer, who, for weeks, months, perhaps years, are chained to the bed of ſickneſs, or languiſh in the gloom of a priſon! Would perſons, in the enjoyment of health and the exerciſe of liberty, reflect on what human nature is deſtined to ſuffer, they would learn gratitude for the bleſſings of their own lot, and try to alleviate the misfortunes of others by every poſſible means. On this ſubject my Amelia feelingly moralized; and we determined to allot, from this day, a regular portion of our income for acts of charity and benevolence. Objects are never wanting for the exerciſe of thoſe amiable qualities; but when heedleſſneſs has diſſipated the means, the tender emotion is all that many have to beſtow. It is, therefore, commendable to unite feeling with the capacity of action. Our plan has the approbation of our hearts: may it obtain the bleſſing of Heaven!

School of Arts.

NO. XVIII.

How to make ſyrups with all ſorts of flowers, which ſhall be poſſeſſed of all their taſte, flavour, and fragrancy.

HEAT in a pan about half a pint of water, then put in it ſugar in the proportion to the quantity of flowers you may have; boil, ſkim, and thicken it to a proper conſiſtence. When done, put your flowers in a glazed veſſel, and cover it over with a linen, through which pouring the ſyrup, you ſtrain

ſtrain it upon the flowers. Theſe being thereby quite deadened, put all together again in the ſame piece of linen, and ſtrain it again into another veſſel, ſqueezing well the flowers. Then bottle this ſyrup, and keep it (well ſtopped) for uſe.—Whenever you want to give the flavour of thoſe flowers to any liquor, ſweeten it with this ſyrup. To every four ounces of flowers, the quantity of ſugar requiſite to make that ſyrup is generally one pound and a half.——Obſerve:—all flowers muſt be well cleared of their cups, ſtaminas, &c., and nothing but their leaves made uſe of.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

April 28. A New Muſical Entertainment, called "THE CHILDREN; *or*, GIVE THEM THEIR WAY," was performed for the firſt time, for the benefit of Mr. Banniſter, jun. The conſtruction of the piece was ſlight, and it has not been thought worth repeating.

29. A Tragedy, in Five Acts, called "DE MONTFORT," was preſented for the firſt time; the characters of which are as follow:

Count de Montfort, Mr. Kemble; Marquis Razenvelt, Mr. Talbot; Count Albert, Mr. Barrymore; Manuel, Mr. Powel; Jerome, Mr. Dowton.——Lady Jane de Montfort, Mrs. Siddons; Counteſs Albert, Miſs Heard.

The ſcene lies in Germany. Matthias, Count de Montfort, having conceived a violent hatred towards the Marquis Razenvelt, who lives in the neighbourhood of his own manſion, in order to be releaſed from the ſight of an object ſo irkſome to him, takes a journey to Augſburg, a place where he was well known and reſpected. He alights at the houſe of old Jerome, a kind of hotel, which he had often viſited.—Lady Jane de Montfort is the ſiſter of the Count, a woman of the moſt noble character, fondly attached to her brother, by whom ſhe is held in the moſt affectionate veneration.—The hatred which De Montfort bears towards Razenvelt had changed

changed the whole complexion of his character, injured his health, and rendered him a prey to conſtant dejection. Lady Jane, by the commanding dignity of her virtues, and her endearing tenderneſs, without knowing the cauſe of her brother's dejection, or enquiring into its nature, had kept his feelings under ſome reſtraint; but as ſhe had left the family manſion on a viſit, his antipathy to Razenvelt, embittered by the elevation and increaſed wealth of the latter, can no longer be controlled, and, therefore, De Montfort leaves his houſe, in order to avoid the chance of meeting the man he ſo much abhorred.

Soon after De Montfort arrives at Augſburg, Razenvelt unfortunately arrives at the ſame place. When De Montfort learns that Razenvelt is ſo near him, he breaks out into a great fury, conſidering himſelf as haunted by an evil ſpirit.—Count Albert, an inhabitant of Augſburg, hearing of the arrival of De Montfort, viſits him at the hotel. Albert ſoon irritates the feelings of De Montfort by his eulogiums on the pleaſantry and worth of Razenvelt. But though the animoſity of De Montfort burſts forth whenever the name of Razenvelt is mentioned, he appears always uneaſy when it is noticed by others; therefore, when Albert invites him to a feſtival, De Montfort agrees to be preſent, notwithſtanding he is informed that Razenvelt is to be of the party.

Manuel, the faithful follower of De Montfort, conceiving that Lady Jane, on her return home, would be anxious to know the deſtination of her brother, leaves a letter for her, communicating his maſter's intended route. Lady Jane, therefore, follows him to Augſburg, and goes immediately to the houſe of Albert, the friend of her brother. Albert holds her character in the higheſt reverence, introduces her to his wife, and invites her to ſtay, and join the intended fête, as her brother is expected. Lady Jane conſents to ſtay, concealing herſelf beneath a veil. The company, among whom are De Montfort and Razenvelt, arrive. Razenvelt, ſtruck with the figure of Jane, addreſſes her with peculiar homage. Some converſation takes place between her and her brother,

and

and the latter, affected by her voice, entreats her to throw aſide her veil. Razenvelt, with a ſpirit of gallantry, ruſhes forward to prevent De Montford from touching her; and the latter, reſenting this interruption, Lady Jane diſcovers herſelf, in order to avert all diſſention. De Montford is, at length, induced to diſcloſe his feelings to his ſiſter, avowing his hatred to Razenvelt, and alledging as the cauſe,—the malignant gibing ſpirit of the latter, which thwarted him while a boy, and which was ſtill vented againſt him during the progreſs of both of them to manhood. This oppoſition of temper had once involved them in a contention of arms, in which Razenvelt was ſucceſsful. Lady Jane in vain attempts to ſooth the feelings of her brother, whoſe reſentment derives increaſing fury from the perſevering taunts of Razenvelt, a man of ſpirit, who aſcribes the hatred of De Montfort wholly to arrogance and pride, which he is determined to mortify.—A formal reconciliation is effected by the entreaties of Jane and the mediation of Albert; but De Montfort, being induced to think that Jane and Razenvelt had conceived a mutual partiality, again indulges the fury of his deteſtation, and meditates ſome deadly deſign againſt the object of it.

Being informed that Razenvelt was going to viſit a Nobleman a mile or two from Augſburg, and that he was to walk alone through a neighbouring foreſt, De Montfort, full of the moſt deſperate intentions, lies in wait for him, and murders him. The dying groans of Razenvelt reach a Convent, where a funeral ceremony is taking place. The Friars haſten to relieve the ſufferer, find the dead body of Razenvelt, and ſecure De Montfort, whoſe agony and horror dreadfully evince his guilt. The corpſe is conveyed to the Convent, in which De Montfort is impriſoned.

Lady Jane, alarmed by the ſudden retreat of De Montfort, and apprehenſive of conſequences, follows him, and arrives at the Convent, to be a witneſs of the diſgrace and miſery of her brother. At length, the remorſe and perturbation of De Montfort is too ſtrong for his frame to reſiſt, and he expires, the victim of penitential agony. The world no longer preſents

ſents any hope of conſolation to the afflicted Jane, and with her determination to paſs the remainder of her life in a Convent the tragedy ends.

This Play, together with another Tragedy and a Comedy, profeſſing to be parts of an intended Series to illuſtrate diſtinct Paſſions of the Human Mind, and introduced by a prefatory Criticiſm on Dramatic Compoſitions, was publiſhed about eighteen months ago; at which time it was read with eagerneſs, and warmly approved by every amateur of polite literature. Mr. Kemble was ſo ſtruck with its beauties, that he undertook the taſk of adapting it to ſtage performance; for which, however, it does not appear to have been intended by the fair Writer.*

The Paſſion exemplified in this piece is that of *Hatred*; and it is wrought up with wonderful ſkill and effect. The ſentiments are dignified and affecting, and the language, in general, highly poetical and impreſſive; but as an acting drama it has material defects. The intereſt is almoſt ſolely confined to the ſingle paſſion and perſon of De Montfort; for, though in Lady Jane we admire an amiable trait of ſiſterly love, no one of the other characters calls forth any ſympathy or affection from the audience. It cannot, therefore, be matter of wonder, if, notwithſtanding the incomparable acting of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, the want of buſineſs and incident in the piece frequently induced a tædium that was felt by the whole houſe; and even the exquiſitely drawn character of De Montfort ſuffers a drawback, in the exhibition, from his fiend-like paſſion being grounded on the very ſlighteſt circumſtance,—that of a ſchool-boy emulation and envy. Had the Author founded De Montfort's hatred of Razenvelt on ſome injury of a very deep dye, the effect on the mind would have been vaſtly improved.

Among the ſcenery, we cannot forbear to mention, in the higheſt terms of praiſe, an interior view of a Convent Chapel:

* Said to be Miſs Bailey, ſiſter of Dr. Bailey, the Phyſician.

the magnitude of its ſtructure, its perſpective accuracy, and highly finiſhed yet modeſt ornament, muſt rank it as a *chef d'œuvre.* We do not believe that this ſcene ever was ſurpaſſed, if it has been equalled, by any thing of the kind heretofore produced.

The Piece experienced a ſlight oppoſition on its firſt performance, but was afterwards repeated in an improved ſtate, and with general applauſe.

May 10. A new Comedy was preſented for the firſt time under the title of "INDISCRETION," of which the following were the Dramatis Perſonæ:

Clermont, Mr. Barrymore; Old Burleigh, Mr. Banniſter, jun.; Sir Marmaduke Maxim, Mr. King; Frederick Maxim, Mr. Palmer; Algernon Maxim, Mr. Talbot; Capt. Gayland, Mr. Holland; Lounge, Mr. Wewitzer; Thomas, Mr. Wathen.———Julia Burleigh, Mrs. Jordan; Fanny Burleigh, Miſs Biggs; Victoria Burleigh, Miſs Pope; Mrs. Goodly, Mrs. Walcot; Laura Goodly, Miſs Heard.

Julia Burleigh, a young lady of ſenſibility, and the favourite child of her father, elopes from his houſe, and places herſelf under the protection of Clermont, her lover, whoſe ſpirit of gallantry having ſuppreſſed the ſenſe of fidelity and honour, leads him to make an ungenerous attempt upon her virtue, thereby compelling her to leave him, and ſeek a reconciliation with her parent. This plan is ſeconded by the good-natured efforts of her ſiſter Fanny, and obſtructed by the malignant offices of Victoria Burleigh, her maiden aunt. The reconciliation, however, is at length effected, and Julia, in defiance of prejudices, aſſumes a male attire, in which ſhe diſcovers the affection of her lover, and his contrition for the diſhonourable attempt he had made upon her; and this brings on that union which forms the *denouement* of moſt of our Comedies. The remainder of the plot is entirely made up of incidents.—Frederick Maxim, a Captain in the Navy, and of courſe a man of honour, ſpurns the diſſipated maxims of Clermont, and remains faithful to his engagements with Laura Goodly, notwith-

notwithſtanding her inferiority of condition. The prudiſh Victoria inſerts a matrimonial advertiſement in the newſpapers, deſcriptive of the moſt amiable qualifications, under the name of "Amanda," which is anſwered by old Sir Marmaduke Maxim, under the ſignature of "Modeſtus:" but when the parties come together, neither anſwering their own deſcription, the Gentleman miſtaking the Lady for the confidant of Amanda, who alſo ſuppoſes him to be the guardian of Modeſtus, they part with mutual diſappointment and diſguſt. During this interview, Frederick is in an adjoining cloſet, of which his father is ſo much aſhamed, that he conſents to the marriage of the Captain with Laura, and of his ſon Algernon with Fanny Burleigh.

This Comedy is the production of *Prince Hoare*, Eſq. Author of ſeveral popular Pieces, and partakes much of the Old Engliſh Comedy, blending, in a due mixture, the lively and the pathetic. The dialogue is eaſy, natural, and for the moſt part elegant; and the Piece has been repeated with conſiderable applauſe. Its coming out, however, in the midſt of the benefits, is not in the Author's favour.

COVENT GARDEN.

May 1. A new Muſical Entertainment, called "PAUL & VIRGINIA," from the very intereſting French Romance of that name, was preſented for the firſt time, and received with unanimous applauſe. The ſcenery is very pictureſque; and the muſic, by Mazzinghi and Reeve, poſſeſſes great merit. This Piece has been frequently repeated; and the delightful tones of Incledon (Paul), and the faſcinating ſimplicity of Mrs. H. Johnſton (Virginia), continue to ſuſtain it with much eclat.

12. "LIBERAL OPINIONS," a new Comedy, was repreſented at this Theatre for the firſt time.

Friendly, Mr. Murray; Liberal, Mr. Munden; Frank Liberal, Mr. Lewis; Mildmay, Mr. H. Johnſton; Chace, Mr. Farley; Ephraim, Mr. Fawcett; Grouſe, Mr. Emery; ——Mrs. Howard, Miſs Chapman; Mariana Howard, Miſs

Murray; Fanny Liberal, Mrs. Mills; Lucretia Liberal, Mrs. Davenport.

Mr. Liberal, a very benevolent man, who has acquired a fortune in buſineſs, has retired into the country. His couſin, Lucretia Liberal, who is ſuppoſed to be worth fifty thouſand pounds, reſides in the houſe with him, and, upon the privilege of her wealth, aſſumes the direction of his family. She determines that his daughter Fanny ſhall marry their neighbour, Squire Chace, a rugged ſportſman. Fanny, however, had previouſly conceived a partiality for Mildmay, who had riſked his life in protecting her from a ruffian. Mildmay is the friend of her brother, and is in ſuch an embarraſſed ſtate, that he is obliged to fly into the country from the purſuit of bailiffs. In this ſituation he meets unexpectedly with Fanny Liberal, to whom he is equally attached. Though old Liberal is a very worthy man, and an affectionate father, yet he ſubmits to all the tyrannical whims of his couſin Lucretia, in the hope that his children will benefit by her fortune. Fanny is locked up by Lucretia, in order to be ſecured till the marriage between her and Chace ſhall be accompliſhed. By the aſſiſtance, however, of her maid Jenny, ſhe and Jenny eſcape in male attire. They both happen to put on juſt ſuch a coat as is worn by Mildmay, which coat ſerves as a ſign for the Bailiffs to know him. Theſe Bailiffs, three in number, in order to prevent their prey from eſcaping, agree to take different tracks, and a wager is laid amongſt them that each will ſucceed in ſeizing the unfortunate Creditor. The gain is to be a ſupper, paid by the two loſers. Mrs. Howard, a decayed gentlewoman, lives with her daughter in the ſame neighbourhood, and Frank Liberal, who admires her daughter Mariana, goes to Ephraim, a Jew dealer in old clothes and money, to borrow 2000l. at any rate, in order to relieve the diſtreſſes of his friend Mildmay. Mrs. Howard, reduced to great diſtreſs, diſpoſes of the wardrobe of her deceaſed Uncle to Ephraim, who takes the clothes to his houſe. Mr. Friendly, an honeſt Lawyer, arrives from London, to inform Mrs. Howard that ſhe had not, as ſhe ſuppoſed,

poſed, been overlooked by her uncle. Mr. Friendly opens a letter, written by the deceaſed, in which ſhe is informed, that ten thouſand pounds are concealed in the lining of a drab-coloured coat. Ephraim had opened the lining, and diſcovered the treaſure. While Frank Liberal is negociating the loan with Ephraim, Lucretia Liberal arrives, and, to conceal himſelf, he gets among the old clothes; and hearing her talk about her uncle and his favourite drab coat, Frank aſſumes it, as no time is to be loſt in relieving Mildmay: he marches acroſs the ſtage, and is taken for the ghoſt of her uncle by the aſtoniſhed Lucretia. Unluckily Frank had left the two thouſand pounds which he had received from the Jew in his own coat. In this ſituation he adviſes Mildmay to wear the drab coat, in order to elude the ſheriff's officers. They therefore change clothes, and hence a ludicrous miſtake ariſes, which forms the chief incident in the Piece. One bailiff arreſts Frank, another Fanny, and a third Jenny the maid. At length old Liberal, tired of the over-bearing authority of his couſin Lucretia, throws it off. Friendly ſhews, by the laſt will of Mrs. Howard's uncle, that he had revoked the legacy of twenty thouſand pounds left to Lucretia, and bequeathed it to Mariana Howard. Old Liberal gives his daughter Fanny to Mildmay; Frank Liberal is to marry Mariana; the Jew reſigns the ten thouſand pounds found in the lining of the coat; and all the parties, except the diſcontented old maid, are happy; and thus ends the Piece.

This *petite* Comedy is from the prolific pen of the junior Dibdin; and, in ſentiment and conſtruction, bears a ſtriking affinity to the other productions of the ſame author. There is much buſtle, an abundance of comic incident, and a conſiderable portion of light and ſprightly dialogue. Almoſt the whole comic ſtrength of the Company is brought in aid of the Piece, and we have no doubt of its becoming a permanent favourite.

It was well received throughout, and announced for repetition without a ſingle diſſentient voice.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

WERE the faſhionable rage always ſo rational as that which crowds this elegant Saloon with Viſitors from morning to night, to view the repreſentation of the CAPTURE of SERINGAPATAM, there would be much leſs employment for the Satiriſt of the Times; for, whether we conſider the extent of the ſcene, the intereſting groupes it contains, or (what ſtill increaſes the hiſtoric truth of the repreſentation) the Portraits of the Officers employed in that difficult and dangerous ſervice, this is, of all the hiſtorical exhibitions that we have ſeen, beyond compariſon, the moſt perfect *deceptio viſus*. With aſtoniſhment we heard, in the Exhibition-room, that the Artiſt, Mr. Robert Ker Porter, had not reached his twenty-firſt year, and had begun and completed this *chef d'œuvre* of art within ten Weeks.——*Hoc opus, hic labor eſt!*

Cabinet of Faſhion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

1. A plain white muſlin gown, with lace tucker. Hat of blue and white ſatin, in ſtripes; with white feather, and taſſel of ſilver cord on the right ſide. A white ſilk ſhawl, with blue border. Shoes white leather.

2. White muſlin gown, open on the right ſide, and faſtened by a ſilver button: the ſleeves faſtened with the ſame.—A ſhort cloak of white muſlin, trimmed with lace, hanging behind. A flat ſtraw hat, ſtraight behind, and turned up in front; tied with pink or lilac cord and ribbons: a wreath of flowers over the forehead. Shoes ſtraw-coloured.

FULL DRESS.

1. An under dreſs of pink muſlin, with lace tucker, over which a gown of white muſlin, open in front, and faſtened with gold buttons or claſps. The ſleeves pink, with a fulneſs of white muſlin; faſtened with the ſame. A pink cord round the waiſt. On the breaſt a fulneſs of white muſlin, croſſing and faſtened on the ſhoulders. Necklace of rubies. Shoes pink; and bandeaus of pink muſlin in the hair, with an oſtrich feather falling behind. Hair off the forehead.

4. Head-dreſs of hair bandeaus and ſilver radiating to the front. Hair off the forehead. Gown, white ſilver ſpotted muſlin, with an upper robe of white net, trimmed with lace. White ſhoes. Pearl or Cornelian necklace and earrings.——In general, white ſilk gloves.

14
48
SEP

Morning Dress for June, 1800.

Afternoon Dress for June. 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

INSCRIBED TO THE MARQUIS OF ——M.

FROM antique Courts and banner'd Halls,
The ſcenes of ancient Chivalry!
The Muſe in grateful numbers calls,
Spirit ſublime, on Thee!
She hails Thee from thy airy ſeat,
Where the rapt Minſtrels throng;
Their harps attun'd to meaſures ſweet;
And rich their melody of Song.
High in the midſt exulting Fame
Chaunts loud her darling Oſſian's name,
And, ſmiling, weaves a wreath to grace
The loftieſt ſons of Valour's race;
Who erſt, for Lady fair diſtreſt,
Bade throb the feeling breaſt;
And there the Muſe ſings wild to thee,
Spirit of Dauntleſs Chivalry!

Amid the Foreſt's gloomy ſhade,
Where labyrinths, impervious, wind,
Thy footſteps, Chivalry, have ſtray'd,
Some Lady lorn to find;
Some Lady, who, by recreant Knight,
Bereft of ev'ry ſoft delight,
Told to the waning Moon her woes,
And the night-ſcene of horror choſe,

(While

(While the black mountain's ſhadow fell
On the long, ſolitary dell)
And ſigh'd, as oft ſhe call'd on Thee,
Spirit of Dauntleſs Chivalry!

Acroſs the wild'ring waſte, alone,
She, trembling, pour'd her anguiſh'd groan;
For there the fierce Banditti ſtray'd,
Or hid beneath the wood-wild ſhade.
She heard the ſhrilly northern blaſt,
As o'er her waving locks it paſt:
She felt the night dew deathly cold,
As down her fever'd cheek it roll'd;
And while, the diſtant rampart round,
The Caſtle bell was heard to ſound,
She rais'd her languid eyes to Thee,
Spirit of Dauntleſs Chivalry!

High in the grated priſon tow'r,
Neglected Beauty waſted ſlow;
And, waſting, counted ev'ry hour
By tears, that never ceas'd to flow!
There Perſecution's poniard ſhone
Acroſs her humid bed of ſtone;
And there gaunt Vengeance ſtar'd, aghaſt,
While thro' the iron lattice blew,
In moanings deep, the wintry blaſt,
Freezing her lip of livid hue;
While her faint accents call'd on Thee,
Spirit of Dauntleſs Chivalry!

For ages, Spirit, haſt thou been
An alien to this buſy ſcene;
No inbred flame of lib'ral zeal
Has taught the ſoul of Man to feel!
Valour has ſnatch'd a tranſient fame
From falſe Ambition's airy name;
But God-like Sentiment, ally'd
To Virtues, mocking empty Pride,
Hath rarely ſnatch'd from Sorrow's ſnare
The heart, ſlow with'ring in deſpair,
Till Britiſh Lady found, in Thee,
The Soul of Dauntleſs Chivalry!

SAPPHO.

STANZAS

STANZAS TO MARY,

On her accidentally drawing blood from my Finger, and afterwards checking the effuſion by a piece of ſticking-plaiſter.

WHEN heav'nly Mary ſaw the purple guſh,
In livid globules tremblingly ariſe,
Each charm betray'd affection's glowing fluſh,
And pity ſoftly ſparkled in her eyes.

She ſigh'd!——and oft, whilſt thinking, unperceiv'd,
The ſide-long tender glance ſhe fondly ſtole:
To each lov'd gaze my breaſt reſponſive heav'd!——
Impaſſion'd tranſports fill'd my ecſtatic ſoul!

What melting fondneſs fill'd my expanding breaſt,
As gazing envious of the matchleſs bliſs:
The ſable ſpecific, inſenſate, preſt
Thoſe lips, th' aerial gods might *die* to kiſs!!

Mine the ſweet joys the bliſsful wooer ſips,
Whoſe wiſhful ſighs Love's melting kiſs has crown'd;
Whilſt from her roſeate odour-breathing lips
My Love ſhed dulcet balm upon the wound!

What frigid apathiſts could e'er withſtand,
Or Rapture's glowing energies controul,
When the ſoft touch of her celeſtial hand
Awak'd each vivid tumult of my ſoul!

But, ling'ring Hope! why thus my heart beguile?
Prudence my ſighs nor loving fondneſs heeds!—
Ah! cruel Mary will not deign to ſmile,
Altho' for her my aching boſom bleeds! W. F.

ELEGY TO MARY.

Written after walking with her in the Park.

WHAT throb is this?——why ſtarts the chilling fear?
What pang, relentleſs, racks my vital frame?—
Why the lorn ſigh?——ah! why this ſtarting tear!—
Sad tokens all!——ye ſpeak a hopeleſs flame!!

Now

How late mine eyes indulg'd the tender gaze,
Whilſt Love's ſoft glance my tranſports oft would own;
My ſoul was loſt in Rapture's bliſsful maze;
But Mary's fled!——ſweet joys, ye now are gone!

Yet, tho' my ſoul no ſoothing calm can find—
Tho' the deep ſigh oft ſpeaks a heart oppreſt—
Still fleeted tranſports dwell upon my mind,
Still joys, illuſive, linger on my breaſt!

How oft I fancied, on my boſom hung,
Her heart heav'd throbs expreſſion dar'd not ſpeak!
Whilſt oft the ſoften'd cadence of her tongue
Rais'd Love's reſponſive glow upon my cheek!

Ah! whilſt my gaze devour'd each beauteous charm—
Whilſt oft her lovely hand I ſeizing preſt—
Each heav'nly feature beam'd a ſoft alarm!
Love's fond emotions flutter'd in her breaſt!

By ſtarts, ſhe'd oft withdraw the treaſur'd prize,
And oft the fervour of my paſſion chide;
But Love, reſiſtleſs, gliſt'ning in her eyes,
Betray'd the fondneſs Prudence wiſh'd to hide.

But vain my ſighs——each tender wiſh is vain!
Ah! vain the glow theſe riſing thrills impart!
In vain my pen purſues the joyleſs ſtrain——
No hope ſheds comfort on my drooping heart!

For ruthleſs Fate has ſeal'd my hapleſs doom:
Not long my heart in ling'ring ſighs ſhall pine.——
Perhaps, ſhould Mary court the ſilent tomb,
With Pity's tear ſhe'll grace my penſive ſhrine! W. F.

LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMEN.*

THRO' many a land and clime, a ranger,
With toilſome ſteps I've held my way;
A lonely, unprotected ſtranger—
To all the ſtranger's ills a prey.

* The late African Traveller.

While

When late a ſtranger youth appear'd,
I neither wiſh'd nor ſought him:
He came, but whence I never heard,
And ſpoke what love had taught him.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
All eyes are charm'd that view them,
And o'er his comely ſhoulders ſtray'd,
As wanton zephyrs blew them.

His ſpeaking eye, of azure hue,
Seem'd ever ſoftly ſuing;
And ſuch an eye, ſo clear and blue,
Ne'er ſhone for maid's undoing.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
With bluſhes ever burning;
And all he ſpoke was deftly ſaid,
Tho' far beyond my learning.

Where'er I ſtray'd, the youth was nigh,
His looks ſoft ſorrows ſpeaking:——
"Sweet Maid!" he'd ſay, then gaze, and ſigh
As if his heart were breaking.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would aſk the meaning;
When round my neck his arms he flung——
Soft tears his griefs explaining.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now;
And now 'twas unoffending:
Shame ſpread my cheek with ruddy glow——
My eyes kept downwards bending.

Nor aught I ſpoke:——my looks he read,
As if with anger burning:—
No, not one word.———Away he ſped.
—Ah! would he were returning!!

STANZAS TO MARY.

BLOW gently, Zephyr, o'er the vale;
Steal ſoftly, dimpling ſtream;
For, breathing to the ev'ning gale,
My Mary loves to dream.

She dreams of Me!——Ah! ſilent hour,
How calm doſt thou appear;
No tempeſts o'er the landſcape low'r,
No whirlwinds meet the ear.

The ſilver moon, with luſtre meek,
Diſplays the ſparkling dew;
The ſoft breeze fans my Mary's cheek,
Fluſh'd with the roſe's hue.

The beetle flits with drowſy ſong,
His wing near Mary flies;
The nightingale, yon woods among,
Repeats her murmur'd ſighs.

Sweet is her breath as op'ning May,
Her lips like honey'd flow'rs;
Her eyes, more bright than ſummer's day,
Lighting the bluſhing hours.

Yet Mary's heart is icy cold,
For, tho' ſhe dreams of Me,
No dawn of joy ſhall I behold,
No noon of rapture ſee!

Then let me ſleep, oh, Zephyr kind!
And let my ſlumber be,
Mary, one viſion of the mind—
One endleſs dream of Thee!

IL AMANTI TIMIDO.

SENSIBILITY.

THE Storm was paſs'd;——but, his Amelia gone,
The Sunſhine had no charms for Celadon:
So when the Ravages of Warfare ceaſe,
And mad Contention yields to gentle Peace,
Not *all* rejoice:——the ſad, intruſive ſigh
Heaves the ſwoll'n breaſt of *Senſibility!*
Here Mothers mourn their murder'd Sons!—and here
Widows and Orphans pour the guſhing tear!
Some dumb with grief!—ſome frantic with deſpair!——
Here Suicide!——and moody Madneſs there!—
While many a hopeful Youth—ah! worſe than dead—
Weeps o'er his ſhatter'd limbs, and begs his bread!
Such various woes reſult from human Pride,
Ambition never reſts ſelf-ſatisfied!

H———n, April, 1800.

R. W.

CONTENT.

I pity the man that can travel from Dan to Beerſheba, and cry—'Tis all barren! And ſo it is; and ſo is all the world, to him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers. STERNE.

AWAY with complaints of diſtreſs,
Induc'd by falſe notions of life,
And reflect ('twill make troubles ſeem leſs)
Th' endearment of quiet is ſtrife:
As the ſtorms of the ocean, which ſtill, with alarm,
Give a zeſt to the pleaſures enjoy'd in a calm.

What is it gives Nature its grace—
Why is Hope the ſweet ſource of delight—
Whence the charms of a beautiful face—
Or of Phœbus diſpelling the night?
By *contraſt* alone are their beauties diſplay'd,
Their colouring heighten'd or ſoften'd by *ſhade*.

So the ſlave when diſburden'd of toil—
The culprit who meets a reprieve—
The lover firſt bleſt with a ſmile—
And the ſceptic when taught to believe—
Feel the change in their proſpects hath pow'r to bleſs
In proportion, exact, to their depth of diſtreſs.

If griefs, then, your journey purſue;
If flocks, herbs, and fields be laid waſte;
Recollect, bitter aloes and rue
Make honey more ſweet to the taſte:
And around you when darkneſs and tempeſts appear,
Think of winter, which uſhers the ſpring of the year.

SONNET.

Suppoſed to be written by a young Lady who had lately retired to a Convent. 1798.

"SAD was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,"
When to this world I bade a long adieu,
And idle fancy pictured to my view
The many ſweets that in Retirement lay.

But, ah! how far does every pleaſure fly,
And Time but furrows this ſad cheek with woe:
This aching heart no joy can feel below,
But looks for happineſs in yonder ſky.

Oh! ye, who, far away in dreams of mirth,
Paſs thro' this vale of woe, and ſmile at death,
'Tis your's alone to wear the feſtive wreath,
And mine to drag a wretched life on earth!

Theſe cloiſter'd walls, with Gothic fragments crown'd,
With nought but echoes of my fruitleſs ſighs rebound!

EUGENIO.

ON THE LOSS OF TWO FAVOURITE CATS.

BY DR. PERFECT.

"INHUMAN Fate! how cruel thy decree,"
In mournful accents fair Lucinda cries,
"Why am I doom'd the victim of Deſpair?—
"Perhaps ev'n now my fav'rite *Blackey* dies!

"What fatal crime produc'd the horrid ſtroke—
"From what dire cauſe proceeds the luckleſs blow?—
"No more, alas! the joys of life I ſhare;
"Doom'd to a ſad eternity of woe!

"Ah! *Simon*, now thy loſs I doubly feel!—
"The worthieſt Thou of all the *tabby* race!
"Cloſe by my ſide thy beauteous offspring moans:
"In them the ſire's diſtinguiſh'd worth I trace!

"*Simon*, for Thee theſe pitying drops are ſhed,
"Drawn from the fountain of diſtreſs alone;
"For Fancy paints too plainly to my ear
"Thine hunger, thirſt, and lamentable moan!

"Relentleſs Fate! when thus my ſoul is torn,
"To ſeize the other darling of my heart!—
"*Blackey*—the beſt and tendereſt of thy tribe—
"Thou in my ſorrows haſt an equal part.

"Ah! hapleſs pair!——if life ſhould ſtill remain,
"Say, in what diſmal dungeon are ye pent?
"Oh! tell me where in wretchedneſs ye pine—
"What maſtiffs worry, and what fiends torment!

"What

" What friendly hand fupplies your daily food—
" Who, when ye thirſt, prepares the milky wave—
" Or, if already ſacrific'd to Fate,
" Whoſe tender labour form'd the moſſy grave?

" One only comfort gleams upon my breaſt,
" Which *Tim*,* ſweet mourner, offers to the view:
" He yet remains to mitigate my grief,
" And ſooth my keen anxieties for you.

" Be thou, dear *Tim!* from hence, my chiefeſt pride,
" The only joy I e'er can hope to ſee;
" And all that love your honour'd parents ſhar'd
" Take as a *juſt inheritance* to thee!

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES, &c.

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.——Houſewife.
Charade II.——Merrythought.
Riddle.——A Tear.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY Firſt is a term to be able;
Again, 'tis a veſſel for beer,
When parties aſſemble at table
To partake of ſome excellent cheer.

My Second 's expreſſive of faſhion;
'Tis alſo a pond'rous weight:
My whole is devoid of all paſſion;
In ſhort, 'tis a term for a ſtate.

CHARADE II.

MY Firſt is the male of an animal race
That's uſeful for labour and food;
My Second's a card, tho' not deck'd with a face;
And my whole is a fruit that is good.

* " Spes altera—Romæ."

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To

To Correſpondents, &c.

AS a ſmall mark of grateful reſpect to the Encouragers of our Labours, we have procured a new and beautiful Fount of Letter from the celebrated Foundry of Caſlon and Catherwood, in Chiſwell Street; on which the Fifth and ſubſequent Volumes of the LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM will be printed; to commence on the Firſt Day of July next.

Platonic Courtſhip, *and many other Contributions, are unavoidably poſtponed till our next Number.*

We cannot enter into an engagement with J. J., of Edinburgh, of the kind alluded to; and therefore have not uſed the Memoirs *ſhe tranſmitted.*

Jeronymo *is too trite.*

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.

Of the Sonnet, in p. 406, the third line of the ſecond Stanza ſhould begin,—"*Or* ſtrolled to ſpots," &c.

B.M.1950.